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The brig Inconstant, which conveyed the Emperor back from Elba to the coasts of France, was commanded by Lieut. Chautard:—that officer was the father of the present author. M. T. Chautard has inherited from his sire at least all the fervour of a Napoleonist of the old Empire:—he thinks and writes of nothing but of that “genius which held the pen only to write the Code, and the sword only to fight Austerlitz.” For all people who approach his idol without tendering their perfect homage he has the hardest words:—he does not argue upon the faults sceptics may find with “the great memory,” he calls these sceptics traitors and liars. Thus Mr. Forsyth, who wrote a vindication of Sir Hudson Lowe (which was criticized in the pages of the *Athenæum*, and which criticism, it appears, was shown to M. Chautard by the Count Las Cases), is simply “a liar.” We were content in our article on Mr. Forsyth’s performance to characterize it as a work of special pleading, which did not bear philosophic analysis:—but M. Chautard informs his countrymen that it is a foul libel; and that the Englishman’s endeavour to place Sir Hudson Lowe in a favourable light is about equivalent to an attempt to reinstate Judas! This vehemence does not add to the fame of the Emperor, nor does it prove Sir Hudson Lowe a monster:—it simply proves once more that Napoleon had the faculty of creating fervent partisans—that there was a magic in his name which has not yet ceased to govern the ideas of many Frenchmen. M. Chautard declares, that Napoleon was an unselfish as well as a great man;—that he went on board the *Bellerophon* when he might have headed an enthusiastic army in the south, only because he would not be the author of intestine struggles amidst people he adored. Readers of history have passed their verdicts on this point of the Imperial story long since; nor will they find in M. Chautard’s book any new points to tempt them to reconsider their decisions. Fervent as the language is in which Napoleon’s misfortunes are described—ingenious as the construction of events is, undoubtedly—“From Saint Helena to the Invalides” is, nevertheless, not a work that will raise new discussions or disturb the general opinion on the passages of history with which it deals.

Indeed, all that is new in M. Chautard’s book relates to the adventures of Noël Santini, the faithful servant, who first served the Emperor as a drummer, and, lastly, as a chivalrous exponent of his wrongs:—and who is now the guardian of his master’s tomb in the Invalides. These adventures are taken from Santini’s notes and conversations; and they exhibit a faithful service of which any hero might be proud. As the desertsions suffered by Napoleon at his fall are amongst the notable examples of human ingratitude, so the instances of personal sacrifice and of fidelity which he enjoyed are conspicuous in the records of human chivalry. The men he raised the highest were the first to turn from him when the clouds of misfortune darkened his path:—the men for whom the sunshine of his glory had ripened only a moderate harvest prayed for the satisfaction of serving him in exile. Berthier, Prince of Wagram and Neufchâtel, in the uniform of Louis the Eighteenth’s body-guard, while the Emperor was yet at

Fontainebleau, illustrates the “magnificent” in ingratitude:—and Santini, hanging about the Emperor’s rooms, begging of all who had admittance to them, that they would secure him the poorest post as the exile’s serving man, exhibits that fidelity in the humble which sweetens the bitterness of evil days. But the outlines of Santini’s romantic story are familiar to the world. He is widely known as the faithful Montagnard, who carried away from St. Helena the famous remonstrance of the Emperor, written upon a fragment of Madame Bertrand’s satin dress, and secreted under the lining of his coat. The fervour with which the Count de Flahaut vindicated him when he was attacked in the official journal of England is remembered by all readers of the events of that time. The motives of Santini when he shared the exile of his master at Elba—when he served him as his trusty explorer in Corsica—when he followed him, at last, to St. Helena, and spent long days in repairing the parsimony of the English Government, or of its representative, with his gun, or by stealing sucking pigs for the exile’s table;—the motives of the servant who received no wages for all these labours—but paid his own expenses to the place of banishment—are beyond suspicion.

In collecting the details of Santini’s story from the mouth of the hero, therefore, M. T. Chautard has added some interesting facts to that page of human knowledge which he calls “Napoleonic history.” With this part of the work before us we prefer to deal. M. Chautard cannot demonstrate to us that Sir Hudson Lowe exhaled sulphur and livid fire, as Mr. Forsyth failed to prove that the creature of the Bathurst Administration was a tender-hearted gentleman. A stubborn, dogged gaoler being wanted, the Bathurst Administration, showing in this more than their accustomed sagacity, chose Sir Hudson Lowe. This matter may be summed up by saying, that the nominee did his disagreeable duty.

Perhaps the most exciting part of the Napoleonic fragment which M. Chautard has added to his hero’s history, is the description of Napoleon’s journey from Fontainebleau to Elba,—a description full of life and colour. From this description we are tempted to translate an episode.—

Buried in gloomy thoughts, the Emperor travelled all day from Valence to Montelimart, at which latter place he arrived about six o’clock in the evening. As he was entering the hotel where he was to rest a few hours, an individual brushed briskly past him, and slipped a note into his hand. Napoleon read the paper aside; and then with a look of disdain crumpled it up in his hands. It contained these words:—“Sire, your life is in danger.” The warning was not without reason. Already signs of the coming storm were perceptible. The cheers and waving of hats which had hitherto accompanied the Emperor on his journey no longer marked his progress. Already a few cries of “Long live the King” had fallen upon his ears like a fatal warning. The nearer he approached the Mediterranean the more alarming these symptoms became. A general anticipation of some terrible misfortune threw a gloom over the party. Calumny had done its work:—bodies of assassins were at hand. The influence of Maubreuil—that ardent tool of the Count d’Artois and of the Provisional Government—could be traced everywhere. At last, about midnight, the Emperor was surrounded by a furious rabble on his arrival at Douzère—a rabble made up of figures that would have worthily employed the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Drunk with passion and wine, this rabble, including furious women waving torches, seized the horses of the Emperor’s carriage, hustled all the people of his suite, and vowed the most terrible vengeance. These scenes were renewed from this point at each halting place to the port of embarkation. At Caderousse, a little village in the department of Vaucluse, the

courier from Marseilles warned the Emperor to beware of the ambuscades which were planned near Orgon and Avignon. This warning induced the Emperor to disguise himself in the Austrian costume of one of Koller’s servants, and to continue his journey in the Austrian commissary’s carriage. In this way the exile made his way without obstacle to the ramparts of Avignon; at which point an armed band, headed by Bertrand, surrounded the carriages. An officer, who recognized the Emperor in spite of his disguise, rushed at him, and crying “Death to the Corsican ogre,” would have stabbed him to the heart, had not the courageous Novéras pointed a pistol at the assassin’s breast. Stones rained upon the carriages, and a mad crowd yelled about them, till M. Montagnac, at the head of a few guards, and assisted by the escort of the commissaries, succeeded in extricating the Emperor from his dangerous position, and in protecting him to the high road, along which he was conveyed at full gallop. But the party had hardly escaped from the assassins of Avignon, when they heard that the Mayor of Orgon (who had received marked favours from the Emperor) had placed himself at the head of his colleagues for the purpose of assassinating his benefactor. This news induced the Emperor, at the earnest request of his friends, to dress himself as a postillion; and in this disguise he conducted his carriage through Orgon, amidst a wild populace, crying “Down with the Corsican ogre!—Death to the tyrant!” These scenes, regularly organized by agents, who, having done their work, disappeared, were repeated at Lambrès, St. Cannat, &c. But who were these unknown men—these ministers of assassination—and whence did they come? Perhaps the Memoirs of Talleyrand may some day clear up this mystery; but certainly the name of Maubreuil is mixed up with all this. The scene which follows took place near St. Cannat, where almond-trees burn under the scorching sun of Provence, and the air is filled with the perfume of aromatic herbs. In the midst of flowering heath, lavender, and thyme which embalm this arid and rocky region, stood a little roadside inn frequented by waggoners. At the time when the Emperor was on his way through these regions, this inn was kept by a young woman who had lost two brothers in the wars, and whose third brother had been lately in prison for some military crime. These circumstances had raised the hatred of the young tavern-keeper against the Emperor. The Emperor, still disguised as a postillion, and followed by De Lamondreux, Santini, and General Koller, stopped at this inn for refreshment. The hostess, little suspecting that she was speaking to Napoleon, invited the postillion to enter and rest. “Do you know,” the young woman asked, “you who come from Avignon, whether that brigand Nicholas will soon be this way?” “Nicholas!” “Yes; the tyrant—the Corsican ogre:—I mean Bonaparte.” “He will be here soon.” “All the better.” “Why?” “Because I have made up my mind to kill him.” “What has he done to you?” “Oh! the brigand—what has he done to me? He has been the death of my two brothers; and he has imprisoned my third brother because he would not be a soldier.” As she gave these reasons, she seized a table knife, and with menacing gestures held it near the postillion’s breast. Santini declares in his notes, that this woman, who appeared to him when he entered the inn rather good looking, had, at the moment, the look of a fiend—so frightfully had passion disfigured her. The Emperor, always calm, kept answering and exasperating her. Assuredly, had she seen through his disguise at this moment, she would have carried her threat into execution. Presently, the Emperor’s suite arrived. The country people had met the procession with imprecations at every point; and so furious was the mob when the carriage in which the Emperor was supposed to be seated drew up before the inn, that the soldiers could with difficulty protect it. “What do you want?” shouted General Koller to the enraged crowd. “We want the tyrant!—we want Nicholas!” was the reply. “If it be Napoleon you are looking after—see, he is gone—he has taken another road,” Koller replied, throwing open the carriage-door. “It is too true,” exclaimed the crowd, as they looked into the carriage, and saw only the Grand Marshal

and Vernet, the postboy who had lent his clothes to his master. "He has taken another road!" shouted the mistress of the inn, who had rushed to her door as the carriage approached,—and returning to her room, she fell upon her chair in a state of utter prostration. At this moment the Emperor approached her, and putting a handful of gold in her lap, said:—"You have not been deceived. You wanted to kill the Corsican ogre,—do so, I am that ogre." At the appearance of the Emperor, to which fallen grandeur had given something of the sublime, this woman changed as by a miracle. "Ah!" she exclaimed, retreating before the gaze of the Emperor. And then she ran to bolt the door, that the crowd without might not notice this scene; and then she threw herself at Napoleon's feet, praying for pardon. She could speak no more. When she came to her senses, after the departure of the Emperor, it was discovered that she was dumb. Santini in his notes declares that when in 1832 he was employed in the service of the Post Office between Paris and Marseilles, he made inquiries about this woman, and learned that she was still alive and still speechless.

Santini has preserved also many notes of his residence at Elba, and of the mission which he fulfilled here on behalf of his master. Rumours frequently reached Napoleon's ear to the effect that plots were in existence to murder him. It was believed that these plots were traceable to Beulard, whom the Bourbons had appointed to the government of Corsica,—and Santini, being a Corsican, was intrusted by Poggi, the chief of the Police for Elba, to go secretly to his native island and gather as much information as possible on the subject. Santini declares that he was delighted at the idea of being intrusted with a duty so important. His adventures at Corsica were full of excitement.—

On the evening of his interview with M. Poggi, the weather being wet and dark, the prudent Santini landed upon a lonely part of the Corsican coast, in the dress of a herdsman. In this disguise he was able to reach the province of Nebbio in safety, and finally the town of Oletta, where his uncle Boccheciampe lived. This uncle was a royalist, and a fervent partisan of the English domination. He was, nevertheless, a true Corsican mountaineer,—and therefore incapable either of forgiving an injury or of betraying a friend. His relation was safe in seeking shelter under his roof. We have said that Boccheciampe was not a Bonapartist,—and this will be readily believed when we add, that his brother had been shot in the Plain of Grenelle near Paris for a conspiracy against the First Consul. However, it is well known that all Corsicans, even those whose political opinions are in opposition to the existence of the Empire, have a place in their heart where they cherish the memory of their illustrious countryman Napoleon. Boccheciampe hated Napoleon Emperor of the French, but loved Napoleon the exile,—and would have thrown himself gladly between the great man in misfortune and an assassin. Santini found in his uncle most active assistant. They soon learned that the infamous Governor of Corsica had planned the assassination of Napoleon on two or three points of the Mediterranean, but particularly at Caprajo and Giglio, little islands in the Tuscan Sea. Here were bands of armed assassins under the orders of M., who only wanted a favourable opportunity to put their sinister project into execution. Santini sent a trusty messenger at once with these tidings to M. Poggi. The authorities of Oletta, however, having heard that a Bonapartist agent was in the town, issued orders for Santini's arrest. But Santini was too alert for his enemies. With the aid of Batistini, the Commander of the Gendarmerie of Caccia, he reached Bastia, where he found an old comrade who had served with him under the command of the Count d'Ornano, and of whose devotion to the Emperor he was certain. Here, by the aid of Bastia, he obtained the felucca of a brave Provençal named Ponthieu, who accepted the perilous task of conveying Santini across as a personal favour. Had Ponthieu been discovered steering for Elba with Santini on board he would have been unmercifully shot,—but happily, in a few hours the Emperor's faithful servant was safe in M. Poggi's office. On

the following day the Emperor expressed to Santini his perfect satisfaction at the prudence and courage with which he had fulfilled his difficult task,—and taking him playfully by the ear sent him to his usual duties as guardian of the Imperial portfolio. Some further attempts were afterwards made upon Napoleon's life,—but, thanks to the vigilance of M. Poggi, they all failed.

M. Chautard has included in his book a very minute description of Napoleon's return from Elba in his father's vessel, which we are tempted to extract; but the space we have already given to his work forbids us,—especially as we have decided on a concluding extract, that exhibits the Emperor in the hands of an unskilful hairdresser. Santini gives a mournful description of the time passed in the Cumberland, which conveyed his master to the island destined to be his grave. The minutest details are, according to M. Chautard, of importance if they refer to "this powerful imperial figure." All who were ever in contact with him derive importance from the fact—"the groom who saddled his horse no less than the minister who promulgated his decrees." We gain new insight into a great man's character from learning that man's relations with his servants; and it is certainly one of the more creditable points of Napoleon's history that he was idolized by the attendants who came in personal contact with him.

The following scene, described by M. Chautard from Santini's notes, is at once curious and amusing.—

The Northumberland was fifteen days out. We had passed Teneriffe, the heat was becoming oppressive. Cypriani, to cool himself, had asked Santini to cut his hair. While this operation was going forward in the forepart of the ship, the Emperor, followed by General Gourgaud and the Count Las Cases, approached the scene of action. He expressed his surprise, exclaiming "Why, here is the old guardian of my portfolio become a hairdresser." He then turned to Santini, and said to him in Ajaccio patois: "When you have finished with him, you will cut my hair, do you hear; and have a care how you cut it." Santini, having finished his task upon Cypriani, went to the Emperor's cabin. It was not without painful emotion that the Corsican mountaineer placed his hand upon that Imperial head about which the mark of a recently worn crown still remained—upon that head in which those civilizing inspirations had been elaborated which had altered the aspect of Europe. It was with a trembling hand that Santini, knowing nothing of the hairdresser's art, began his task. He had hardly applied the scissors when the Emperor said, with a laugh, to General Gourgaud, "Watch this mountaineer, General, for if he fail to do his work well, we will have him thrown into the sea." Then turning to his *vale de chambre*, who was carefully collecting into a *serviette* the severed hair, he added: "Marchand, look to this new hair-dresser, and tell me how he gets on." Although all this was said in a kind and playful voice, the Emperor's words so discomposed Santini that he pinched his master's left ear with the end of the scissors; whereupon the Emperor, turning round, exclaimed in Corsican patois: "Brigand, are you going to cut one of my ears off? General, throw this rascal into the sea!"

"Sire! Sire!" exclaimed Santini, pretending to be alarmed, "Sire, I was not here!"—"The brigand was not here when he was cutting my ear!"—"No, Sire, my mind had wandered back to Ambleteuse. I saw you surrounded by your army, threatening the coasts of those very English who, against the right of nations, keep you prisoner now. Then, Sire, England could not foresee a day like this." The Emperor sighed, and his face assumed that deeply melancholy expression which Gros has immortalized. "You were thinking of that, were you?" said the Emperor seriously; "well, finish cutting my hair,"—and the operation was completed without the exchange of another word. When it was over, the Emperor made a sign for all to retire; and they left him alone, looking sad and thoughtful. The scenes

that lay between the camp at Ambleteuse and the cabins of the Northumberland were of a nature to make the sternest soul dream sadly.

It is for details of the Emperor's life like the foregoing that M. Chautard's book is welcome. From a faithful servant like Santini—who suffered in the cause of his master—who saw that master daily in the years of his misfortune, and who never knew a hope that was not in some way connected with his hero's name—so skilful questioner as M. Chautard could not fail to extract some interesting points of information. These points M. Chautard knows how to place before his readers in a dramatic form. All his episodes tell. His heart is so evidently in his work that the reader catches his enthusiasm, and is almost carried away by it. It is natural in the man whose fortunes have been linked with those of the Imperial family since 1815 to dwell with fervour on every new fragment added to the Napoleonic story,—and while the English reader will generally be loth to share the author's idolatry, he cannot fail to respect that fidelity which was as warm in the evil days of the Bonaparte family as in the hour of its triumphs. There is a wide difference between the Bonapartist of 1816 and the Bonapartist who dates from December, 1852. M. Chautard belongs to those who had the courage to be steadfast when their Imperial master was in the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe; and he is easily excused any vanity he may exhibit on this head. His 'History of the Hundred Days,' published some time back, is remembered for the dramatic force with which the rapid events of that great time were grouped together in it. The same force gives an interest to the performance before us. In the description of the Emperor's march on Avignon, for example, we think we hear the heavy tramp of the gathering squadrons; and in the life at St. Helena, the author's tone is one of settled melancholy. The life here described is without a ray of hope, the abasement of the giant seems to be complete. In this part of the work little, save the author's style, is fresh. Santini has here and there helped the author to a few details which we do not remember to have met before, but these are unimportant. The book is, in short, a piece of fervid writing by a hero-worshipper on behalf of his faith.

Thirty Years' View; or, a History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years, from 1820 to 1850: chiefly taken from the Congress Debates, the Private Papers of General Jackson, and the Speeches of Senator Benton, with his Actual View of Men and Affairs. By a Senator of Thirty Years. Vol. I. New York, Appleton & Co.

Few Englishmen have time or opportunity to study the practical working of the American Government; and yet few refrain from forming and expressing a decided opinion on its merits and demerits. The ground of judgment is generally a consideration of the results obtained—those who are inimical being influenced for the most part by certain disagreeable social features, whilst the majority look to the great facts of material prosperity and intellectual development. In both cases, however, men's minds are prepared to decide by prejudices in favour of political principles adapted to the affairs of countries placed in different circumstances. They take an European, not an American point of departure; so that their conclusions are often neither respected nor understood on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Benton's work will be found useful by students who wish to acquire a more than ordinary intimacy with the politics of the great Anglo-Saxon Republic, and who are not re-

pealed by distance, local character of the country, in politics, a complete period, nearly on board, daily reporters, exception, attendant, the State case. For these to the highest by preference appear in tractive power. Mr. Bent gives a discussion especially distinguished, voluminous, occupied, connective, and the like, an extremely matter. of celebrity, loves to be picturing, in a way. Generally, overcomes, turning, life and, was even kind."

Mr. of Generation, the United, were a volume, logy—will a history will a picture, script, expansion, to read, by trial, approach, delivery, the end, the beginning, the labor, So said the, the, how any be done, where, vuln-

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elled by minute details of events which, at this distance, appear sometimes to have a mere local character. It is to a certain extent a digest of the proceedings of Congress for the space of thirty years, during which the writer played a part in political affairs; but, as such, it forms almost a complete civil history of the States for that period. The American Government is evidently one of discussion. Parties manoeuvre in broad daylight, and intrigue within hearing of reporters. Whatever is done or said—with few exceptions—becomes known at once, with all attendant circumstances. The machinery of the State works, as it were, in a transparent case. No action passes without its comment. For these reasons, there is a great temptation to the historian or chronicler to confine himself by preference to describing events as they appear in the mirror of debate—the least attractive form in which they can be contemplated. Mr. Benton professedly adopts this plan. He gives a detailed account of all the important discussions that have taken place in his time—especially of those in which he has played a distinguished part. The chief portion of this voluminous work in double columns is indeed occupied by reprints of his speeches, which are connected by desultory observations on the posture of affairs, on changes of administration, and the general progress of events, written in an extremely negligent style, but full of useful matter. Here and there we have meagre notices of celebrated men, in which "Mr. B."—as he loves to call himself—ineffectually attempts to be picturesque and interesting by mentioning trifling circumstances in a ponderously pleasant way. Alluding to the first time he spoke to General Jackson, he says,—"In pulling off his overcoat, I perceived on the white lining of the turning-down sleeve, a dark speck, which had life and motion. I brushed it off, and put the heel of my shoe upon it—little thinking that I was ever to brush away game of a very different kind."

Mr. Benton was a warm friend and supporter of General Jackson, against whose administration during the discussion of the affairs of the United States Bank the most virulent attacks were directed. The chief feature of the present volume is a circumstantial and continued apology—supported by a strong array of documentary evidence—for the General's policy. It will always be referred to as an authority on the history of that period; but the general reader will be disappointed with the paucity of picturesque and individual details. The description of the animated scene previous to the expunging of the famous condemnatory resolution passed in the Senate in 1834, and suffered to remain on the books until 1837, is deformed by trivial expressions. "As the darkness of approaching night came on, and the great chandelier was lighted up, splendidly illuminating the chamber, then crowded with the members of the House, and the lobbies and galleries filled to their utmost capacity by visitors and speculators, the scene became grand and impressive." So says Mr. Benton; but, instead of describing the scene, he goes on to tell how the members of the Senate went to the committee-room to sup, how the opposition were not in a humour to eat anything because "the damnable deed was to be done that night,"—and how their language, when they began to debate, "betrayed the revulsion of stomach with which they approached the odious subject."

In the early part of the volume there is a rather elaborate account of the duel in 1826 between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph, intended to produce a very solemn effect, and at the same time to be characteristic; but there is far too much stress laid on Mr. Randolph's "left

breeches-pocket" and on trivial sayings, that with the assistance of all the italics in the world could not become memorable. Mr. Benton says that this was "about the last high-toned duel" that he has witnessed; and intimates that such methods of deciding quarrels were replaced by "revolvers, bowie-knives, black-guarding, and street assassinations, under the pretext of self-defence,"—blemishes in American manners which are, however, in their turn comparatively out of date.

We may add to these remarks, that Mr. Benton, whilst speaking with considerable respect of the epigrammatic work of M. de Tocqueville, criticizes several of that writer's most important observations, and shows that after all he is very unsafe as a guide. The French writer derived a good many of his opinions from members of the party that was hostile to General Jackson; and although opulent in remarkable observations, was not quite so careful in ascertaining his political facts as was desirable. The study of Mr. Benton's first volume, which treats of American affairs from the administration of James Monroe to the commencement of that of Martin Van Buren, will enable any student possessed of a synthetical mind to form a far better theory than is contained in the writings of any foreign speculator, however distinguished. We shall look with interest to the sequel,—hoping, however, that if any personal details are given, they will be of a more precise character than those which are scattered through this first portion.

The Life of Mrs. Sherwood (chiefly Autobiographical), with Extracts from Mr. Sherwood's Journal, during his Imprisonment in France and Residence in India. Edited by her Daughter, Sophia Kelly. Darton & Co.

A literary foreigner, arriving in England as did Madame de la Roche, in the days of *Evelina* Burney, to make acquaintance with our famous literary women, might easily have passed a spring in London,—a summer among the Lakes,—an autumn in search of the Scottish Ferriers and the Irish Edgeworths,—without hearing the name of, or coming within sight of a page of print signed by Mrs. Sherwood. Nor must such ignorance or indifference have been solely ascribable to the separation of our literary circles or to the partial information of those composing them:—though both are more remarkable than the inexperienced could be readily made to believe. It is true that we have heard the fair translator of 'Goethe and his Contemporaries' accosted—and by no ill-read person—as the author of 'Mansfield Park.' It is true that we have heard that sweetest-tempered of wits, Sydney Smith, doubt to the point of denying the existence of Mr. Macaulay's Cavalier and Roundhead Ballads;—and we know that Miss Berry, whose literary house was thought to assemble all that was most select, scholastic and refined in Europe during half a century past, might be heard not fifteen years ago asking for explanation when the author of 'Imaginary Conversations' was named. —The amount of contemporary ignorance among the intellectual has never been gauged or summed up, we repeat. We are apt to wrap ourselves up within the customs and enthusiasms of some particular *coterie*—of some particular set of books, even;—and almost to be angry with any one who breaks through the charmed circle with tidings of any stranger not already adopted there.—But this solution is not the one which could explain the non-existence of Mrs. Sherwood among the crowned and laurelled sisterhood of England. Unlike

Mary Shepherd or Mrs. Schimmelpennick (whom we name in passing, by way of further illustration), Mrs. Sherwood was popular and prolific as a writer. Her tales could be counted by scores, and the editions of some among them by tens. Again, it is not merely their sectarian, religionist and didactic tone which has kept their author from universal celebrity. The names of Hannah More, Miss Martineau, and (more recently) the Puseyite Lady whose novels the Rev. Mr. Sewell edits, could be cited in proof that "purpose," devout or political, though not essentially a help, is no hindrance to gaining a general reputation by those who enforce it. Neither is their obscurity owing to total deficiency in character, pathos, descriptive power. But this whole body of letter-press is pervaded by an incurable homeliness of tone, a fluency of common-place, a profusion of slack rhapsody, and an ignorance of all other manners and opinions besides those recommended,—such as may explain why, on the sight of the title which heads this article, nine readers of the *Athenæum* out of ten will ask, "Who was Mrs. Sherwood?"

A pious, kindly woman, we may answer;—an instructress of youth in India and in England, who produced many religious fictions, and who left behind her fifteen closely-written volumes of autobiographical matter, which her daughter,—the authoress of 'The De Cliffs,' 'Robert and Frederic,' and other books,—has here condensed and completed. Limited as is the literary interest of this record, by the manner in which both Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Kelly seem to have overlooked that which gives to such a book real value,—tiresome by the undue emphasis laid on trifles, and exciting surprise by the disclosures of events and sorrows, the privacy of which it had been more delicate to respect,—there is still something for the patient tracer of character and student of manners to pick out from its pages,—beginning with "the pedigree of the Butts," dating so far back as the Battle of Poictiers, from which family Mrs. Sherwood was descended, and going on through the events of her girlhood. During this time, so far as we can gather from the misty and prolix record before us, she was more of a hoyden than of a young lady disposed to letters,—she hated the fine clothes which were pressed upon her by a French emigrant Lady,—and must have been a most uncomfortable daughter to a mother who, like Mrs. Butt, is described as being refined in no common degree. But our tracing is conjectural; since, instead of the life of a hearty and simple girl having a strong will of her own, bred in the country at a time when humours were so much more clearly marked than at present, we have a tangled display of incoherent and uninteresting facts, from which we have to divine, to infer, and to complete for ourselves. Perhaps the following passage,—which is one of the liveliest in the book, dealing with names and people that have elsewhere figured in the anecdotes of literature,—will suffice to exemplify what we mean. The authoress was for a while at school at Reading.—

"During the holidays my mother and sister went to Lichfield and Trentham, and, as Dr. Valpy and his eldest daughter went to Jersey, I was invited to be with Mrs. Valpy, and my dear father joined us. And truly we could not have been happier than we were then. Mrs. Valpy always called my father 'father,' and he called her 'daughter.' He was well known and loved in the elegant circles of Reading, so also was Mrs. Valpy. We had quite a round of visiting in gentlemen's families. Several of these gentlemen were what were then called 'nabobs'; that is, men who had made vast fortunes in the golden times of India. I cannot now remember all the names of the houses in which we visited; but I

remember that my father bought me a blonde cap, with pink ribbons and a white ostrich feather, which, with a white frock and pink sash, I thought very superior. Kind Mrs. Valpy took care to see everything properly arranged on my person. When I returned to the Abbey after the holidays I found many things changed: several of my former companions were gone, and many new pupils come. At this time, also, the Pictets—father and son—appeared amongst us. The Pictets are an old Geneva family, descendants of Benedict Pictet, a divine and historian, who was born in 1655. He became Professor of Theology in his native city, and died there in 1724. Another of the family also wrote some valuable theological works. The Pictets whom I knew were, however, of the new school, and did not trouble themselves much with the concerns of any religious denomination. 'Pictet Pere,' as we always called him, had been a secretary to Catharine of Russia: I much wish that I could remember more of the tales he used to tell of her. One only of these stories now occurs to me. Pictet Pere, being a very tall man, used to sit in his study with his legs on the chimney-piece. When Monsieur St. Q**** sometimes admonished him for his impropriety in doing this before ladies, he would cry out, 'Bah! bah! have I not often seen the Imperatrice in her cabinet, sitting with her Prime Minister, when he had his feet at the top of the stove, higher than his head?' This old gentleman was considerably more than six feet high, his hair was white as snow; but time had not favoured his exterior. He was very deeply wrinkled and had other unpleasing tokens of age. He was, no doubt, a learned and highly talented man, knowing most of the European languages. He could read and write English, but not having heard it spoken until he was very aged, he never could catch the sound of it so as to understand anything said in that language. He smoked constantly in his own study, and often under the trees in the garden. Nay, he would walk about, smoking. He generally wore a large silk wrapper and slippers, with his collar open. He was full of compliments and fair speeches to the ladies, at least to those who would listen to him, though I do not say that he ever addressed me in any other way than as a father or a tutor should. * * I have said that Dr. Valpy and Dr. Mitford understood the high talents of Monsieur St. Q****, and were his great associates. Dr. Mitford was then a physician in Reading, and I remember once going to a church in the town, which we did not usually attend with Madame St. Q****, and being taken into Mrs. Mitford's pew, where I saw the young authoress, Miss Mitford, then about four years old. Miss Mitford was standing on the seat, and so full of play that she set me on to laugh in a way which made me thoroughly ashamed. When next we met, Miss Mitford had become a middle-aged woman, and I was an old one. After this early meeting, she became a pupil of Madame St. Q****; but not at the Abbey, or during my time. * * We had a public examination before the Christmas vacation, and my father came to the Abbey on his return from London. There were, as was the annual custom, speeches and play-acting at Dr. Valpy's, which we all attended. The play was the *Aulularia* of Plautus, for which my father wrote a prologue; the boys were the actors, and some of them were very fine ones. My cousin Thomas Butt acted a young lady, and Madame St. Q**** dressed him in a classical fashion, under the direction of Dr. Valpy. He had golden glasshoppers in his hair, and he looked uncommonly well,—further, I remember not.

Let the above be compared with any page of Miss Mitford's 'Recollections' by those who are inclined to think us fastidious in the article of graphic merit. With a like inefficiency of touch does Mrs. Sherwood journalize her remembrances of the Sneyds and others of the Lichfield circle, who had already been introduced to us in the memoirs of Seward, Darwin, and Edgeworth. Nor can it be pleaded that the dimness of eye and laxity of hand to be seen in the above sketch belong to that period of "worldliness" which faded out of importance and recollection when the married woman laid by the frivolities of her youth and seriously took up the business of life.—Miss Butt married her

cousin Capt. Sherwood; went out with him to India, and, during the years of her residence there, honourably associated herself with such sincere persons as the Martyns, Corries, and others, who devoted themselves to the culture and regeneration of the Hindoos. But her journals do not brighten as they record how new scenes opened around her,—nor deepen in tone, though they narrate how trials reminded the wife, mother, and friend that her domestic happiness was a transitory good. The flow of words is sometimes varied by sentimental ejaculations, by innocent little jottings of vanity, in the form of allusions to "my tales," &c. &c. But there is everywhere the same feebleness of hand, want of freshness in language, and obtuseness in the selection of details, as we have ascribed to Mrs. Sherwood's books. Let us not be thought in the above remarks severe on the memory of a good woman. We believe the writer of 'Little Henry and his Bearer' and 'Roxobel' to have been a devoted, affectionate, conscientious wife and mother; but neither in her books, nor in this book, do we find cause for her admission into the Pantheon of English female writers.

History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. By Eyre Evans Crowe. 2 vols. Bentley.

THERE have been so many histories, brilliant or laborious, picturesque or diplomatic, of the two reigns during which probably the last experiment of a monarchy claiming to rule by divine right was tried in France, that a new worker in the same field has to fear not only the dangers of comparison, but the difficulty of reviving exhausted attention. Mr. Crowe very fairly enumerates his predecessors, and acknowledges his obligations. He does not affect to have discovered any new sources of information, or to have thrown unexpected light upon characters or events. His work is not exactly a compilation—for he speculates from his own point of view:—it is a condensation of materials previously known, arranged by an English writer for English readers. There are still probably many persons in this country who, though they may have acquiesced in the verdict of France, and of all enlightened politicians, condemnatory of the elder branch of the Bourbon family, are not familiar with the evidence on which that verdict was given. Mr. Crowe's volumes exhibit, in a sufficiently condensed form, the long series of errors, more pernicious than crimes,—of crimes which from their wantonness may almost be excused on the plea of insanity,—of purposeless fanaticism and unaccountable weakness, by which monarchy restored by Europe in arms, supported by the strongest diplomatic influence, received with acclamations and tolerated to an excess of leniency by the wealthy and middle classes, contrived within two short reigns to render itself abhorred and impossible. Some what disdainful of anecdote and picture, their character is chiefly political; and the conclusions, suggested rather than expressed, being conformable to those entertained by the leaders of opinion, may usefully be transferred, as expounded in this narrative way, to a new public.

We are not quite sure, however, that, except when he shows how ingeniously the Bourbon family undermined itself, Mr. Crowe's political doctrines will find a ready acceptance from this generation. It is not now a common opinion that the attempt of a people "after depositing their sovereign to suffice to the task of ruling and organizing themselves," is by any means "criminal;" and to describe kings as "masters" savours something of the old *régime*. We are surprised also to find a comparison be-

tween M. de Villèle, the French minister, and our mighty Cromwell, forced in for the purpose of introducing a worn-out sneer against the latter. This, however, may be classed amongst the instances of hasty composition which abound in these volumes, where we find mention of "struggling Greece, the monarchy of which seemed threatened with extinction by the fall of Missolonghi,"—and other slips of the same kind. The general tone is judicious and gentlemanly; and if we do not meet with any very attractive passages for extract, this arises chiefly from the fact, that the writer's intention is rather to instruct than to amuse—to teach a great historical lesson than to leave bright pictures on the mind.

The description of the return of Louis the Eighteenth to the capital from which he was exiled in the previous century, is good specimen of the way in which Mr. Crowe avails himself of well-known materials.—

"On the morning of the 3rd of May the King made his entrance into the capital. He came in an open calèche, drawn by eight horses from the imperial stables, the servants still wearing the imperial livery. The Duchess d'Angoulême was at his side, clad unavoidably in the English fashion of that day, which contrasted with that of the French, and considerably marred any show of sympathy. That enthusiasm which had at first prompted some Royalist ladies to mount *en coupe* behind the high officers of the Allied Sovereigns, gave way before the unutterable shape of the duchess's bonnet. The Prince of Conde and the Duke of Bourbon, his son, were also in the carriage, they were clad in a full suit such as was worn in 1789, the *ailes de pigeon* not omitted. It was not the Conde's fault if a prince was wanting to represent the young and rising generation; but when people are drawn together to see at sight or a procession, they are not wont to make allowances. And the calèche-load of superannuated countenances and costumes did not impress the Parisians with any exuberant admiration for their new masters. The procession first followed the streets which led to Notre Dame, the first wish of the King being to return thanks in his cathedral for his happy restoration. Care had been taken to avoid what had occurred on the Count d'Artois' entrance, the presence of any foreign soldiers. The Old Imperial Guard was therefore drawn up to line the streets between the Pont Neuf and the cathedral. Chateaubriand, who witnessed the scene, wrote a glowing account at the time of the enthusiasm of all beholders. In his Memoirs, written later, he confesses that 'however true this might be with regard to the chiefs, I lied as far as concerned the soldiers. I have it present to my memory, as if I was beholding it still, the regiment of the Old Guard which lined the Quai des Orfèvres:—Human figures could express nothing so menacing or so terrible. These grenadiers covered with wounds, the conquerors of Europe, who had seen thousands of bullets pass over their heads, who smelt of fire and powder; these men robbed of their old captain, were brought to grace the triumph of an old King, invalid with years, not wars, whilst an army of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians surrounded and watched them. Some moving the skin of their forehead, made their large fur hats descend over their eyes to prevent them seeing what passed before them; others lowered the corners of their mouths in the contempt of their rage; others with their moustache displayed their teeth like those of tigers. They presented arms with a fire and a fury that made one tremble. Never were men put to such a trial, or suffered such an infliction. If one voice had called them to vengeance at that moment, they should have been exterminated to a man, or they would have eaten the earth. At the extremity of the line was a young hussar on horseback. He held his sabre drawn, and he made it dance continually in a convulsive movement of anger. He was pale. His eyes rolled in their orbits. He opened and shut his mouth from time to time in gnashing his teeth, and stifling cries, of which one could only hear the first sound. He perceived a Russian officer; the look which he cast upon him was indescribable. When the royal carriage passed he made his horse bound, and

certainly he upon the K. Notre Dame, passing the corridor of h. goulême was palace she would be carried to days elapsed. terrible remains. This was not Cossacks; were strong. The French time, any soon disbanded party places exactly the sufficient might have Mr. Crowe of T.

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certainly he was tempted to precipitate himself upon the King.' The procession returned from Notre Dame along the Quais to the Tuilleries. In passing the *Conciergerie*, and observing the grated corridor of her mother's prison, the Duchess d'Anouïe was painfully affected. On entering the palace she was overcome by emotion, and obliged to be carried to the apartments prepared for her. Many days elapsed before the Princess could overcome the terrible reminiscences of the past by the joyful realities of the present."

This was in 1814. In the following year he was "not merely followed by an escort of Cossacks; posts, streets, bridges and gardens were strongly occupied with Prussian soldiery." The French army, from which alone, at that time, any active opposition could be feared, was soon disbanded or modified; and the Bonapartist party was routed everywhere, and in many places massacred, as Mr. Crowe, following exactly the narrative of Vaulabelle, relates in sufficient detail. Then, all the politicians, who might have suggested wisdom, if not virtue, to the Government, were, one by one, got rid of. Mr. Crowe well describes the exceptional position of Talleyrand.—

"Both sides repudiated the men of the Revolution and the Empire, who even, when not proscribed as Carnot was, ceased to have a marked place or influence with a generation that knew them not. To this universal fate of oblivion, Talleyrand alone formed an exception. Louis XVIII., so deeply indebted to him, could not do less than give him the title of Grand Chamberlain, with a position at court, with corresponding dignity and income; and there he never failed to appear on all occasions of ceremony, tall, colossal, impassible, shedding sarcasms upon every ridicule and epigram upon every folly. Possessed of a princely fortune, opening his palace to all who became distinguished in politics, or were eminent in society, the saloon of Prince Talleyrand, at the corner of the Rue St. Florentin, was what the Hôtel of the Faubourg St. Germain essayed to be under the Empire, the rallying place of opposition, where every blot of the Royalist party was hit and every puerility castigated. A spark of wit, indeed, could not be struck forth against Court or Government which was not supposed to emanate from the Hotel Talleyrand; and by degrees the Prince succeeded in making, not his peace, but a kind of alliance, with the old aristocracy and the new liberals. In a few years did Talleyrand so build up a shattered reputation, that he became one of the necessities of the Orleans dynasty, and lived to renew that old alliance of England and France against the East of Europe, which he first essayed in 1814, which he perfected in 1831, and which he has bequeathed as almost the sole result of his political and diplomatic genius to posterity."

A little anecdote, illustrative of the way in which the party that has since cried so painfully that property was in danger desired at that time to treat the public creditor, is worth repeating. The French forests had been given as security to capitalists for the payment of bonds, at eight per cent. The Royalists proposed to set aside this agreement and pay the holders of arrears in stock, at five per cent.—

"When it was complained, that this would rob the creditor of half his due, the more furious than honest M. de Ronald exclaimed in the Chamber, 'What creditor is ever paid integrally what is due to him? Do farmers pay landlords all they stipulate? Why then should the State?'

From what we have said it will be inferred that this 'History' is a satisfactory review of public proceedings from 1814 to 1830. The public taste would have been, perhaps, better pleased by a more plentiful introduction of anecdotes and some notice of the progress of manners. The actions of a government are always better understood when we are introduced to the people governed; and, although Mr. Crowe professes to treat of "contemporary history," the period he refers to is already beyond the memory of most living persons. The present

generation in France is as unlike the preceding one as we are unlike the subjects of George the Fourth—more so, for dynasties do not succeed one another, nor revolutions sweep a country, without exerting a decisive influence in modifying national character. Many acts, that created a storm in their day, tore the breasts of patriots with emotion, convulsed the salons, and filled the streets with turbulent crowds, would not now excite a murmur. When Manuel—for speaking of Regicide without sufficient intolerance—was "grabbed"—(this is the true translation of the word for which Mr. Crowe can find no historical equivalent)—and turned out of the Chamber, all the middle classes of France thrilled with indignation, as if a personal affront had been offered them. Were they more virtuous or more pedantic than their posterity? It would have been curious to describe their habits of thought and to seek the sources of their opinions.

Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora and Chihuahua. By John Russell Bartlett, U.S. Commissioner. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations. New York, Appleton & Co.; London, Routledge & Co.

The treaty of February the 2nd, 1848, between the United States triumphant, and Mexico vanquished, contained a clause that two Commissioners—one for each of the contracting parties—should meet at the port of San Diego, on the Pacific, and, commencing at a point one league south of that place, should proceed and mark the boundaries between the two countries right across the continent to the mouth of the Rio Bravo del Norte. The first portion of this task, as far as the mouth of the Gila, which falls into Rio Colorado due east of San Diego, was performed by the Hon. Mr. Weller and his companions; whilst the remainder was entrusted to Mr. Bartlett, author of the work before us. He was actively occupied during four years in this gigantic survey of a country which, though nominally subject to civilized government, is still often the scene of adventures as wild as any that American romancers have ventured to record. Here the Apache and Comanche Indians still enjoy their savage freedom, exhibiting a romantic disregard of the rights of property and the sacredness of human life, which Mr. Bartlett had ample opportunities of appreciating. Here, also, the outcasts of European and American society—criminals, from London and New York, working their way, by the exercise of their old profession, towards the golden land of "California"—make the roads dangerous and keep the sparse inhabitants ever on the alert. Among the other remarkable varieties of animal life observed in these wild regions are prairie dogs and Mormons; the former living in their under-ground cities in that perfect union and order, in search of which the latter wander forth from the busy places of the earth.

Mr. Bartlett writes chiefly for American readers, or, rather, for such of them as are likely to undertake a land journey over that wilderness which the gold-seekers are day by day marking with deeper lines, tracing out the course of the railway already laid down, by speculators, in imagination. For this reason, he indulges in a luxury of details and exhibits a disregard of brevity, which will, necessarily, repel the general public. A traveller, reading day by day descriptions of the country he is traversing, may, possibly, wish that even more had been said; but less interested persons will scarcely do more than skim through these ponderous volumes, which have a defect already pointed

out by us as belonging to this class of American books. They resemble official reports both in their form and tone. All kinds of incidents, from the passage of a river to the murder of a man, are related in the same level way; and the most remarkable situations are rather suggested than described. The town and district of Socorro were infested by a gang of villains, principally discharged servants of the expedition, on their way to California, or of the Boundary Commission itself. It was found necessary to attack and punish them. The following description of the trial of three offers a picture of the state of society in the heart of the North American continent.—

"It is doubtful whether in the whole history of trial by jury a more remarkable scene than the one here presented was ever exhibited. The trial took place in one of the adobe or mud-built houses peculiar to the country, which was dimly lighted from a single small window. Scarcely an individual was present who had not the appearance and garb of men who spend their lives on the frontier, far from civilization and its softening influences. Surrounded as we had been, and now were, by hostile Indians, and constantly mingling with half-civilized and renegade men, it was necessary to go constantly armed. No one ventured half a mile from home without first putting on his pistol; and many carried them constantly about them, even when within their own domiciles. But, on the present occasion, circumstances rendered it necessary for safety, as well as for the purpose of warning the desperate gang who were now about to have their deserts, that all should be doubly armed. In the court-room, therefore, where one of the most solemn scenes of human experience was enacting, all were armed save the prisoners. There sat the judge, with a pistol lying on the table before him; the clerks and attorneys wore revolvers at their sides; and the jurors were either armed with similar weapons, or carried with them the unerring rifle. The members of the Commission and citizens, who were either guarding the prisoners or protecting the court, carried by their sides a revolver, a rifle, or a fowling-piece, thus presenting a scene more characteristic of feudal times than of the nineteenth century. The fair but sunburnt complexion of the American portion of the jury, with their weapons resting against their shoulders, and pipes in their mouths, presented a striking contrast to the swarthy features of the Mexicans, muffed in checkered serapes, holding their broad-brimmed glazed hats in their hands, and delicate cigaritos in their lips. The reckless, unconcerned appearance of the prisoners, whose unshaven faces and dishevelled hair gave them the appearance of Italian bandits rather than of Americans or Englishmen; the grave and determined bearing of the Bench; the varied costume and expression of the spectators and members of the Commission, clad in serapes, blankets, or overcoats, with their different weapons, and generally with long beards, made altogether one of the most remarkable groups which ever graced a court-room. Two days were occupied in the examination and trial: for one immediately followed the other. In the mean time, a military guard of ten men had been promptly sent to our aid by Major Van Horne, the commanding officer at El Paso, on my requisition: so that the open threats which had been made by the friends of the prisoners during the first day of the trial, were no longer heard; for they now saw that the strong arm of the law would triumph."

The accused in this case were condemned and executed, and some degree of tranquillity was restored to Socorro. "We can now," says a Mexican, "sit in the evening at the doors of our houses, and not be obliged, as before, to retire with the sunlight, fix bolts and bars, and huddle into corners with fear and trembling."

During the course of its labours the Boundary Commission frequently came into contact, friendly and otherwise, with the Indians, and on more than one occasion they were enabled to rescue Mexican prisoners from their hands; or from the hands of those who purchased them as slaves. The story of poor Inez Gonzales is interesting,

and in some parts affecting; and so is the curious discussion between the Commissioners and Mangus Colorado respecting the release of two Mexican boys. Both are too long for extract; and indeed it is difficult to find in these volumes, such is their diffuseness, specimens that can be detached to give a fair idea of the value of the materials they contain. A description of Napa Valley—at the mouth of which rise the tenantless houses of Vallejo, the once intended capital of California—is tempting to emigrants.—

The valley here is about four miles in width. Where it opens on St. Pablo Bay it is about six miles, but it gradually contracts towards the north. At the entrance it is an open plain, destitute of trees, and covered with luxuriant grass; but here it assumes a new aspect, such a one, too, as I had not before seen in the country. It is now studded with gigantic oaks, some of them evergreen, though not so close together as to render it necessary to cut any away to prepare the land for cultivation. These magnificent oaks are found sometimes in long lines, and again in clusters of twenty or thirty, forming beautiful groves; then again a space of ten or twenty acres will occur without a single tree. If this romantic valley were transferred to the older countries of Europe, it would be taken for the domain of a prince or a nobleman. It answers to the idea one has of the old and highly cultivated parks of England, where taste and money have been lavished with an unsparing hand, through many generations. As one emerges from or enters each grove, he involuntarily expects some venerable castle or mansion to appear; or to find himself among some secluded villages. But in the entire length of the valley there are no houses to be found within a less distance than five miles of each other, and these too of the most humble and unpretending character. What is singular, and to me unaccountable in these groves of large trees is, that there are no young ones, none but the venerable and full-grown oaks, which, doubtless, for centuries have held exclusive sway over this wide-spread and beautiful domain. Nor is there any undergrowth of other trees and shrubs. I can only account for this deficiency by attributing it to fires since the occupation of the country by the Spaniards; or, by supposing that the immense herds of cattle, which for a century past have occupied the valley, have browsed upon the shrubs and young trees, until they destroyed them, and afterwards kept down the shoots as they sprang up."

When the great projected railway is indeed laid down it may easily be foreseen that a current of population will flow irresistibly towards scenes like these. At present only the hardy and the adventurous, men of the boldest minds and the most desperate fortunes, labour in small caravans towards the promised land. The road is not yet safe from Indians. The train of the Boundary Commission was once charged by a body of Apaches, and one life was lost in the struggle.

A less terrible, but far more singular attack, subsequently occurred.—

A few hours after leaving, the prairie near the horizon seemed to be moving, with long undulations, like the waves of the ocean. Unable to account for this singular appearance, I looked with my telescope, when, to my surprise, I discovered the whole prairie towards the horizon alive with mustangs. Soon after they could be seen coming towards the train. Major Emery at this time was in advance of me about half a mile with his portion of the waggons. We saw the long line of mustangs approach him, and soon after pass before, the whole herd following after, and extending as far as the eye could reach across the prairie. The mules became restive, and we could see the teamsters hurrying forward the waggons for protection behind each other. On went the great stream, and the next moment one of the mule teams in advance sprang from the train and dashed off at full speed after and among the wild horses. The teamster in vain tried to restrain them. It was all to no purpose. Away they went, John Gilpin like, the wagon with six mules, followed by all the loose animals that were driven with the train, which had also partaken of the stampede. The herdsmen, in order to check the runaways, left the train and went

in pursuit, making altogether the most exciting spectacle we had yet witnessed. The chase continued for a mile; for the mules in the waggon had become perfectly frantic with fear, surrounded as they were by equally frightened mustangs, and all bounded over the prairie at their utmost speed. Seeing the danger, our men put on the lash, and we hurried forward to render such aid as lay in our power. The men of the other party fired at the herd, which had the effect of breaking the line, and turning it in another direction. The frightened herd made directly for us, in the same long line, the termination of which we could not see, as it lost itself far in the distance. I now became alarmed, fearing a general stampede among our mules; for nothing can restrain these timid creatures when frightened. If they cannot take their waggon with them, they become so frantic that they will tear themselves from their harness and flee away. Our first precaution was to close up the waggons so that only those in the first one would see the mustangs. The mules of the second were placed alongside of the foremost waggon, the next by the side of the second, and so on to the last, each waggon thus protecting the team that followed it. We now locked the wheels of all, and men stood by the leaders to restrain and quiet them. As I had no inclination to be carried off against my will among a herd of frantic wild horses after the fashion of Mazeppa, I dismounted and hitched my mule to a waggon, and with several others ran with my fire-arms to meet the advancing steeds, which were now nearly upon us, led off by a fearless stallion. We discharged our arms at them as they approached, and fortunately with good effect. The leader was turned, and the avalanche of wild animals swept by us like a tornado, much to our relief. We held in for a few minutes until the herd had passed, when we unlocked our wheels and hastened forward to the first of the train, which had halted. By the time we reached it, the runaway waggon and mules, with those who had been in pursuit, were just coming up after a most exciting chase. Fortunately, no one was injured, and our animals were all captured and brought back, except one, and that one of the most valuable horses belonging to the party. This animal was ridden by the waggon-master, and when in full pursuit of the runaways, he stepped into one of the burrowing places which abound on the prairies, fell, and threw his rider over his head. Thus freed from restraint, he joined his wild brethren and disappeared on the prairie, with his saddle, bridle, and trappings."

The geographical results of the labours of the Boundary Commission are valuable. Many positions have been accurately fixed; and a mass of information was collected, and is given by Mr. Bartlett that will render his work an indispensable book of reference. He discusses the relative advantages of the upper and lower routes for the proposed railway—as well as a subject, which seems to be attracting much attention in America—namely, the introduction of camels as beasts of burden. We have already noticed Mr. Heap's opinion on this point [*ante*, p. 589]. It now appears that a resolution has been offered in Congress asking for an appropriation to test the experiment, which would probably be successful. America seems favourable to the developement of all exotic races biped and quadruped.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

The Poetical Works of the late Catherine Grace Godwin, Edited, with a Sketch of her Life, by A. Cleveland Wigan. Illustrated with 39 Engravings. (Chapman & Hall).—This is a meritorious book, and reflects credit on the deceased writer; on her industry rather than her talent. What have we here but a ponderous mistake of kind but ill-judging friends? Here is a Blue Book (we do not mean a Parliamentary volume, though something little more inviting), handsomely bound, illustrated by our best artists, weighing several pounds, and containing nearly 600 quarto pages. The Egyptians who built a pyramid to enshrine the bones of a dead dog, could not have acted more unwisely

than these over-kind executors of the deceased; not that the poems are bad, but that they are a dead Dutch level of sentimental verse-and-water, tender, pure, religious and shadowy, tinged with recollections of Byron and Moore, and on a variety of subjects from the Great Seal Hunters (not a story of the Chancery Court, but of a still more fatal and impeded place—the Arctic Ocean,) to Zuleika and the Maid of Bokhara. Pope's bitter line—

Most women have no character at all,
—is applicable to these poems. They have no character. From the Memoir appended to the volume we discover that Mrs. Godwin was the daughter of Dr. Garnett, a physician, who was succeeded in the chair of Chemistry at the Royal Institution by Sir Humphry Davy. The Doctor wrote on Optics and Zoonomia, and his writings were polished by his wife. His daughter eventually married a Mr. Godwin, in the East India Company's service; she died in 1845. She seems to have been an elegant and refined woman, who was brought up in a beautiful valley of Westmoreland; and later in life becoming a correspondent of Southey and Wordsworth, acquired not only a sincere love of nature, but a certain power, perhaps beyond the average, of throwing her thoughts into smooth verse. At fifteen, when everybody likes Ossian, she tried to turn the old bard into metre, but very prudently put the finishing touch to her version by putting it into the fire. Her works are very numerous. 'Sappho,' a drama, contains a good deal of gentle drawing-room lamentation upon the desertion of Phaon. 'Kiz Koulessi' is a Turkish poem founded on a legend common to England and almost every country.—

"It was predicted to one of the Sultans, say the Turks (while the Greeks, who have the same story, relate it of one of their Emperors), that his fairest, his favorite daughter, then a child, should be stung to death by a serpent. To avoid this catastrophe, he caused a tower to be built upon a small rock in the midst of the rapid Bosphorus, and placed his darling in it, as a place secure even in the teeth of a prophecy. The tower almost covered the face of the rock, which, devoid of vegetation, save the sea-weeds that grew at its roots, and washed by the deep waves, could not harbour a venomous reptile; but just when the peerless Sultana had obtained the perfection of her charms and was dearest to her fond and doting father than ever, an asp—a tiny asp—(such perhaps as Cleopatra sought) was conveyed to the imperial maiden of the tower in a basket of delicious fruit. It bit her—she died—the prophecy was fulfilled. Who can escape what destiny had decreed?"

We have 'The Monk of Camaldoli,' 'The Green Bivouac,' 'The Spanish Auto da Fé,' 'The Pestilence at Rome,' 'The Sister of Körner,' 'The Dying Crusader,' 'The Bedouin,' &c.—and for side-dishes to these more solid but boneless joints, Chinese lyrics, Moorish songs, Persian love ditties, Hindú laments, hymns, sonnets, Spenserian stanzas, &c. The following are stanzas from 'The Monk of Camaldoli,' a poem praised by Wordsworth, (poets often praise the works of those who do them homage). The lines are pleasant and harmless.—

Camaldoli!—to thy monastic shades
Imagination clings, as if the sound
Of the wind, sighing through thy piney glades,
Still whispers high romance. Thy summits crowned
With convent spire and forest deepening round,
Tell of the olden time. But in yon dell,
Though the soft hymn still breaks the hush profound,
The mighty spirit weaves no more her spell,
Immortal names alone thy mouldering record swell.

Still towers Laverna o'er the steep, and still
The leafy pride of Vallombrosa falls,
The Sacred Desert crests its chosen hill,
And Time hath spared the Abbey's antique walls:
Where the broad sun streams through the ample halls,
Gilding the fretwork of their arches high,
Still the deep bell the monk to matins calls,
And soar the eternal Apennines, and lie
Calm at their base thy plains, rich-stor'd Tuscany.
These strains might have done very well for

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a poetess in Mrs. Hemans's days; but we expect something more robust since Mrs. Brownings has struck a lyre which at a distance sounds almost like the dead Milton's.

Hannah and her Chickens. From the German of Eberhard. By James Cochrane. (Edinburgh, Johnstone & Hunter.)—Our author, we believe a young Cambridge man, is the translator of Goethe's 'Herman and Dorothea' and of Voss's 'Louisa' into English hexameters. In his preface he is vehement against the stand made by the *Athenæum* against this limping metre, which cannot obtain naturalization in England. It is the most perverse innovation ever attempted by pedantry. We can only say of it, as the Spirit says in 'Comus':—

The leaf is darkish, and has prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil.

We do not care to renew the controversy,—and we can bear witness to the care, skill and talent with which the translator has reproduced this poem of Eberhard, with its exquisite Dutch painting, so full of domestic love and household tenderness. The simplicity is in some passages carried too far, but every cluck of the hen carries the tale forward to its consummation. The following few lines may give an idea of how smoothly the ungracious task has been executed:—

Laughed; soon laughed too Antoinette; and at last even
Hannah
Made an attempt at a smile, notwithstanding the tears in
her sweet eyes.
Truly, the two fair faces a picture gave of the heavens,
When, with serene, clear ray from the clouds which en-
veloped his brightness,
Dropping with moisture, the sun darts suddenly forth in
his glory;
Sweetly the rainbow, emblem of peace, springs up in its
beauty,
While it redoubles itself in the dark clouds lying around it.
Maidens and heaven, and heaven and maidens, how like to
each other!
Scarcely had Antoinette's fine countenance gaiety re-
covered.
When, lo! soon in her playmate's look of delight it was
mirrored.

The Hebrew's Daughter: a Fragment of a Jewish Tradition, in Five Cantos. By W. H. Ludlow, M.F.P. &c. &c. (Leicester, Spencer.)—This gentleman, who seems a man of letters, for he has at least half the alphabet appended to his name, has got hold of the fragment of a tradition, and apparently the wrong end of it,—for what Mathews used to call the "parteeklar foot" is wanting. We descry, too, traces of Shylock and Jessica. The metre is of unusual variety. First, we have the ballad measure:—

Still rests the spirit of the air
On Sodom's lurid wave,
An awful silence reigneth there,
To fit so dread a grave.

Then we come to extension No. 1.—

An old man is knocking in rain at the door,
His body is weary, his joints stiff and sore.

We go on to—

The bee upon the honied flower,
The leaves beneath the drizzling shower.

And lastly, passing over half-a-dozen small variations, to—

Oh! where are Sharon's banks of roses,
Bud they yet—oh! tell me where?
The satyre dance, the wolf repose,
The crested asp hath nestled there.

A good memory and a weak imagination distinguish the writer, who excels in conglomerations of incongruous fancies. In one page, in only twelve lines about Night, we find a perfect museum of natural history. There are the bee, and the frog, the cuckoo, the ringdove, the old grey owl, and the bittern,—not to speak of a drizzling shower, a tinkling fountain, sighing branches, woodland echoes, smiling Folly and Melancholy.

BOOKS ON THE WAR.

The Rev. R. W. Fraser, it appears, had been collecting materials for an extended History of the Ottoman Empire many years before the

present war broke out. The beauty of Constantinople—the chivalric bravery of the people—the geographical position of the country—and its immense political importance—had drawn his attention to the subject. Mr. Fraser is evidently not of Johnson's opinion, that Knolle only wanted a good subject to be a good historian. He thinks the subject is a good one,—and he is right. Of the literary fields not yet wholly cultivated there are few which offer such temptations as the story of the Moslems.

Mr. Fraser, unfortunately, has been led by advice of friends—those injudicious friends!—to hasten his work and throw the manuscript into the printer's hands in a very rough state. With longer time, he would have made a shorter and a better book than his *Turkey, Ancient and Modern* (Black). As it is, he goes over the whole field of inquiry; his narrative is simple and unpretending, and his judgments are large and liberal. Such a book, though it may take its place on the library-shelf for permanent reference, offers nothing very tempting in the way of quotation.

Russia, Germany, and the Eastern Question (Ridgway), is the title of a pamphlet by Gustav Diezel which has made some little stir in Germany. M. Diezel judges the Muscovites rather freely.—

"The fundamental trait in the Slavonic character is the absence of the consciousness of rights and—no doubt consequent upon this—the absence of an inborn tendency to civilization. The Slavonic tribes appear everywhere as chaotic masses, blindly devout, held captive as it were by the powers of nature, sensual, living in the present without a care for the future, devoid of the consciousness of individual freedom, and therefore blindly obedient, and destitute of the power and the desire to resist despotism. There are two incontestable historical facts which depict the Slavonic character more accurately than any elaborate description could do. No Slavonic state has ever been founded except where a decided impulse has been given from without, and in none of the states thus founded has a middle class grown up."

England is cold and neutral in its opinion of the Russ. Germany, being nearer to the East, and having dealings with a Slave population along a thousand miles of frontier, has its hatred kindled by a sharper knowledge. Schönbrunn and Charlottenburg may say what they please to their Imperial visitors; but the German people cultivate a suspicion and a dislike of Muscovite and Muscovite influence which are ever ready to break out into popular demonstration.—

"The Slaves belong entirely to the same category as the numerous Asiatic nations, who lead a rude instinctive life, without any higher aspirations, merely obeying the impulses and satisfying the wants of the moment, but which, when roused by the onward march of some human flood, automatically join the movement, and following the lead of some conqueror, roam through the world, ravaging, plundering, and burning along their passage. Even when organized as states they have not been able to offer any, or at the highest, but a very ineffectual resistance to such national inundations. The Slaves are soft, gentle, and melancholy; but at the same time cruel and bloodthirsty. Among no people do heroes shed so many tears as among the Slaves, and among no people do they commit such excessive and refined cruelties."

As regards the historical position of Russia in relation to Europe—and to Germany—we read in M. Diezel's work.—

"Peter was fully aware that to take possession of the Baltic provinces, to overthrow the power of Sweden, to bring Denmark and North Germany into dependence on himself, and to promote the dissolution and destruction of the Polish republic, were necessary preliminaries to the expansion of Russia in the south; and it was with pleasure that he beheld Austria spending her strength in a struggle against the Turks, the fruits of which, he believed he would

reap if his northern policy proved successful. And it did prove so marvellously successful that we can hardly wonder that the Russian barbarian should have thought himself already the master of Europe. A German elector, who was indebted to Poland for his kingly dignity, condescended in conjunction with the Russian barbarian, to betray his kingdom, and to be the first to propose the plan of a partition of Poland; and in a few years the Czar was almost as completely master in Poland as in his own country. All alliances which the northern princes entered into with the Czar turned to the advantage of the latter only, and after Charles XII. had fallen, partly in consequence of his own rashness and a concatenation of unfavourable circumstances, the flourishing German colonies on the Baltic passed into the hands of Russia, to whom they have since been the greatest source of strength. But not content even with these fortunate results, which, so to say, created new foundations for his empire, Peter contemplated penetrating into Germany proper, never to withdraw again. Was not one of these petty northern tyrants the cuckold of Peter's niece? did he not, in right of his sovereign power, call Russian troops into his diminutive country, to trample down its rights and laws? and could it be difficult for Peter, under such circumstances, to induce his relative by promises of indemnification, to cede his rights to him, and thus enable him to keep Mecklenburg, and thence to govern Denmark and Germany? Or would he have had to fear any resistance on the part of the Emperor, who refused to lend his ear to the lamentations and complaints of the estates of Mecklenburg, exposed to the most barbarously refined ill-treatment and extortions of the Russians, because an Emperor of the House of Hapsburg had neither the will nor the power to defend right and justice in Germany? Thus, from the first moment of her admission into the family of European states, there was no power to prevent Russia from bringing the whole of the North under her rule and command, and from gaining in "civilized" Germany, a fixed point from which she might gradually Russianize the whole of Europe; there was no power to prevent this except—England, who being backed by an efficient navy, cried halt! to the barbarian, in a very categorical manner, and thus saved Germany from Russian occupation."

Such views, we believe, are more generally entertained by the middle classes of Germany than many people imagine. M. Diezel is severe upon those of his countrymen who abet the Russian alliance as against that of England. He says:—

"That Peter, maddened by this frustration of his schemes, conceived the most violent hatred against 'faithless Albion,' and planned the strongest combinations for her punishment, is not to be wondered at, particularly if we keep in mind that he was a barbarian; but that the 'civilized' Germans—who ought to be aware of their own weaknesses, and who ought to know how little power of resistance, as regards external foes, Germany, constituted as she has hitherto been, is capable of exerting—that the 'civilized' Germans, we say, should persecute with senseless hatred, the very power who has repeatedly single-handed saved Germanism and the interests of civilization on the Continent, that they should make England responsible for things which we owe entirely to our own faults—that is indeed matter for wonder."

He adds, more in sorrow than in anger.—

"These are old stories, but are they not ever new? Is not the disjointed state of Germany still the greatest source of strength to the policy of Russia? Are not the cabinets of the sovereign German princes still its most pliant and useful instruments? Are not, on the contrary, all the national interests of Germany opposed to the increasing power of Russia on the Continent? And have these interests any spokesman in Germany itself? Will they not eventually be obliged, though reluctantly, to seek such spokesman in England? The weakness of Germany and the strength of Russia, are contingent on each other. Let Germany expand her strength, and Russia will no longer inspire fear, even in a child. But as long as a powerful Germany remains but a pious wish, although to constitute such a power it

would suffice to unite the existing forces and to bring them to bear upon common objects, so long we must consider it a most fortunate thing that a foreign state in some measure, and for the present, keeps a check upon the encroachments of Russia, although the latter only draws back *pro forma*, and by the aid of German cabinets, recommends her game more craftily and more cautiously."

This is the reading of our intelligent author of the moral of the war as regards Germany.—

"The importance of the forthcoming struggle as regards Germany, resides therein that it will place the discrepancy between the national interests and the dynastic interests in the clearest light, and that it will bring to a decision the question as to whether the former or the latter shall prevail. The national interests demand peremptorily that Germany shall adopt the cause of Western civilization against Eastern barbarism; that Russia shall be forced back into the position which the character and inferior culture of her people assign to her in relation to the West; that the existing state of things shall be reversed, so that instead of Germany being dependent upon Russia, Russia as recipient shall be dependent upon the West, as donor; that the question shall be decided as to whether mere numbers shall hold sway over civilization, or *vice versa*. The general position of England, and the preponderance of her civilization render it almost impossible that Germany, being bound by every tie of nature to English civilization, should take the side of Russia; but, on the other hand, the interests of the dynasties make it appear almost equally impossible that the princes should separate their cause from that of the Czar. As regards these matters, the forthcoming conflict must occasion an important decision, which will lead to an entirely new order of things."

M. Diezel's hopes are not ardent. He disbelieves, we may add, in Austria. The idea that salvation is to come from Vienna is, in his opinion, one of the last illusions of which the German mind needs to be disabused.

For the benefit of those who desire to possess available information on the last scenes of military operations without the cost and inconvenience of a series of bulky volumes, Mr. M. Gore has compiled a *Description of the Principal Harbours and Towns of the Crimea and the Kherson* (Ridgway). It is made up of extracts and abbreviations from Prince Deinidoff, Marshal Marmont, and the 'Sailing Directions for the Black Sea.' Mr. Gore scarcely adds a word of comment to his extracts,—and these latter are already known to readers of the war books.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Hard Times. For these Times. By Charles Dickens. (Bradbury & Evans.)—The idea of Mr. Dickens's last story, 'Hard Times,' is a good idea:—but is scarcely wrought out with Mr. Dickens's usual felicity. The purpose is to show that Fact is not everything to man; and that the spiritual longings of our nature are not to be neglected with impunity. In its essence, this is a poetical conception; and it required for its due exhibition an ideal framework. Mr. Dickens has been pleased to give it a prosaic framework and to people it with very repulsive and vulgar characters. Considered as a work of Art, this is its great defect. A story, the form of which was poetical, and the characters of which were removed from commonplace alike in their graces, their humours, and their pathos—as, for example, are those in 'The Tempest' and in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—might have been invented by the literary artist, in which all the morals proposed by Mr. Dickens as a necessary part of the education of young people could have been established without the straining and the violence which many persons will reasonably object to in 'Hard Times.' The case of Fancy *versus* Fact is here stated in prose, but without the fairness which belongs to a prose argument. A purely ideal treatment was needed for such a purpose. Many persons—and most certainly those for whose reproof the tale is written—will fail to see that the education of Fact, as opposed to the education of Fancy—of the Reason without

due notice of the Emotions—of the Intellect without reference to the Imagination—leads of necessity to the results pourtrayed in Louisa and Tom Gradgrind. If not of necessity, why seek to substitute the general by the incidental? The many will object—unless Mr. Dickens goes so far as to assert that the girl came to the brink of shame, and the boy went over it, because they had not been allowed to read fairy tales and see strolling players in their youth—as we think he will scarcely venture to do—that the story teaches nothing at all, and that therefore the moral machinery of it fails. That 'Hard Times' like everything that Mr. Dickens writes, is full of humour, observation, knowledge of manhood, will not be gainsaid. It has the beauties and the vices of his style. It abounds in passages bright and glowing—delicate in their humour—and subtle in their fancy; but these passages are found in close relationship to others coarse, violent, and awkward. Altogether, the tale is readable, though it lacks moral interest; and the puppets of the play move and speak like living creatures, though the mind refuses to allow that they are fitting messengers of the poetical truth with the delivery of which they appear to be charged. Fancy asks an ideal advocate.

Lewell Pastures. By the Author of 'Sir Fredrich Dewart,' &c. 2 vols. (Routledge & Co.)—This is the best novel we have yet seen by this authoress. The story is ingenious, and extremely well told; although the materials are very simple, the interest is kept up, and those who begin to read will not be likely to put it down before they come to the end. The character of Edith, the capricious fascinating invalid with so many good gifts running to waste, is well conceived and delicately drawn. Mrs. Harding, the blind woman, is a good sketch; and Grace the heroine, with her serene aspect and calm dutiful life, secures the reader's interest, and deserves whatever happiness falls her lot. The men are all creditably designed; but we have seen their fellows and predecessors in other places, or at least individuals bearing a strong family likeness. Those who are looking about for a pleasant novel, cannot do much better than read 'Lewell Pastures.'

Vivian: a Journal. By Mrs. Elphinstone Dalrymple. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—This is a mild, placid novel, giving indications rather of a refined, well-bred nature in the authoress than of any great talent. The story is told in a gentle soothing style, and is not destitute of interest, although it may be read without the least fear of over-excitement. It would have been a great improvement had the incidents been more clearly defined and finished: they are hurried and indistinct, and general readers will hardly find themselves satisfied. What it is that Blanche, the bad heroine,—the best drawn personage in the book—has done so fatal and heinous in her former life, we are not told: it may have been bigamy,—or she may have broken "Diana's law,"—or it may only have been a breach of promise of marriage. Her story might with little trouble have been made effective, but it is feeble and unfinished. Vivian, the good heroine, goes through her trials gracefully, and is a nice round-text copy of perfection,—good to set before the eyes of young women,—though it is to be feared they will prefer their own faulty individuality. Any one wishing for a quiet novel, short and easy to read, will find what they desire in 'Vivian.'

The Church of England and Erastianism since the Reformation. By the Rev. J. R. Pretzman. (Hope & Co.)—By the term "Erastianism" the author informs us that he means "that system of opinions and course of action which deprive the Church of Christ of independent existence, and resolve it into a function of the civil government." Having thus defined his subject-matter as being something which has relation to "the Church of Christ," he proceeds to consider and deplore the extent and effects of what he terms Erastianism as applied to "the Church of England,"—the church, that is, which in this country is in connexion with the State. Here, therefore, his logic fails him. He must show that the church which is in connexion with the State is "the Church of Christ"—not a

part of it, but "the Church of Christ"—before his own definition applies to his treatise. All the evils and monstrosities which he predicates of what he terms the Erastianism in operation in reference to the Church of England, may, for anything which appears, be perfectly justifiable, unless the author goes further and proves that the two churches of which he speaks—the Church of England and the Church of Christ—are identical. We have nothing to do with the author's theological views. They may be orthodox or the contrary, for anything we know. But the man who enters upon a discussion which has engaged the acutest intellects ought to look well to his logic.

The Perils and Adventures of Priscilla Eaton: an Historical Tale. (Shaw.)—We are told that this volume is not one of mere fiction, "though a vein of imagination pervades it,"—in other words, the writer claims to have described the manners of the Puritan times by the help of an invented narrative. There is, however, not the slightest attempt visible to take colour from the past; and although the story interests somewhat, as stories in which beautiful girls, with noses "slightly Grecian," are exposed to imminent peril, generally do, there is not enough to compensate for the absolute want of truthfulness of painting.

The Practical Elocutionist: an Extensive Collection of Recitations, selected and arranged expressly for School Use. By C. H. Pinches. (Piper.)—The principal feature of this volume is a series of cuts "from photographic studies," illustrating the various oratorical positions—the "deprecatory," the "emphatic," the "invocatory." Any one who has witnessed school declamation will have observed, that boys who are taught what to do with their hands, move them as if they were drawn by wires; whilst those possessed of any natural powers disregard instruction and invent gestures for themselves. Mr. Pinches lays too much stress on mechanical eloquence. His selections are chiefly made from other books of the same class.

Routledge's American Handbook and Tourist's Guide through the United States. (Routledge.)—This is one of the best arranged little works of the kind we have met with. It contains information and amusement, and is written in a genial spirit. A few pages at the end entitled "Advice to Emigrants and Mechanics" will be found valuable. The contrasted description of the two banks of the St. Croix River is excellent. We have to note, however, throughout, a slovenly mode of expression.

Itinerary (Descriptive and Historical) of Germany—[Itinéraire, &c.] By Adolphe Joanne. (Paris, Maison.)—This title is full of threats which are fulfilled in the course of the volume. We are treated to compendious descriptions of places and superfluous historical sketches. The Battle of Friedland and the Treaty of Tilsit are fought and signed over again. It is needless to say, therefore, that M. Joanne belongs to the very old school of guide-book makers. He seems to have laboured very hard to exhaust his subject; and may be accepted as a useful if not an agreeable companion.

The Lectures delivered last May at the Royal Institution of Great Britain have been published, *On the Importance of Language as a Branch of Education for all Classes*, by Dr. Latham,—of Chemistry, by Dr. Daubeny,—of Physics, by Prof. Tyndall,—of Physiology, by Mr. Paget,—and of Economic Science, by Dr. Hodgson. They contain many sensible observations; but some of them are distinguished by an affectation of simplicity, which sometimes degenerates into triviality. Prof. Tyndall laboriously describes the progress of the infant,—"the natural philosopher by instinct," from his first experiments with "the suction-pump" to the time when "his little fingers acquire sufficient mechanical tact to lay hold of a spoon," upon which "he thrusts the instrument into his mouth, hurts his little gums, and thus learns the impenetrability of matter." To children of what age is this addressed?—In his *Introductory Lecture on the Study of History*, delivered at Owens College, Manchester, Mr. R. C. Christie delivers himself in a more manly and business-like manner.—Mr. H. Dayman has published a lecture on *The*

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Effects of Civilization on the Fortunes of the Medical Profession.—We have before us *The Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland for 1852-3*, Vol. I., Part II.,—*Papers and Proceedings of the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land, Vol. II.*, Part II.,—*Information regarding the Colony of Van Diemen's Land*, printed by order of Sir W. Denison, Lieut.-Governor of the colony,—*Australia as a Field for Capital, Skill, and Labour*, by J. Capper,—*The Twelfth Annual Report of the National Temperance Society*,—*Sugar, Slavery, and Emancipation*, showing that the cause of the alleged failure of emancipation is the waste of produce on West India estates,—*A Report of the last Two Years on the Flax Question*, by E. F. Hemans, containing important information and suggestions,—*A Report to the General Board of Health on a Preliminary Inquiry into the Sewerage, Drainage, &c. of the Borough and Parish of Falmouth*, by Robert Rawlinson; and a similar Report on *Devonport*, drawn up in accordance with the Public Health Act, may be referred to, in the general discussion of the sanitary condition of England, with advantage.—Mr. Hugo Reid has issued what he calls *Educational Tablets*, or broad-sheets, to be fixed on the walls of schools and Mechanic's Institutes, containing leading facts on special subjects. The one before us is an outline of the Solar System.—*Table Observances; including the Arrangement of the Table, with Hints on Carving, &c.*, may be recommended to housewives, Mr. Christian, "late traveller in the East," publishes a *Cry from the Empty Lands of Turkey*, in favour of colonization.—We may here mention that Lord Lyndhurst's *Speech*, which was an event, upon the Eastern Question, has been brought out in a separate form.—We can merely mention the titles of the following:—*An Account of the Portable Farm Railway*, by W. K. Westly,—*Statistics of Fire Assurance*, by Mr. Hyde Clarke,—*Observations on the Gaming Act of 1854; its Influence and Effects on Constitutional Liberty*, by M. Abitbol,—*Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalist's Field Club*,—*Masters' Ready Reckoner*, by J. Heaton,—*Head and Heart, No. I.*,—*French Articulation*, by C. L. Lasègue; who would do well to have his English revised.

Among recent reprints and new editions we find on our table, the fourth volume of Dr. William Smith's careful and handsome edition of *Gibbon's History*,—Messrs. Low's cheap issue of Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands* in good, clear type, (and, we may add, with some of the more offensive passages expunged),—a third edition of Mr. G. Sharpe's *Gilbert Prize Essay on Practical Banking*,—the fifth volume of Mr. Bell's *Illustrated Edition of Hume and Smollett's History of England*,—a new edition of Mr. Laing's *Notes of a Traveller* in Messrs. Longman's excellent series of "The Traveller's Library,"—Part VI. of Mr. Macaulay's *Essays*,—a reprint of Mrs. Gore's *Pin Money* in the "Railway Library,"—of Mr. Maxwell's *Dark Lady of Doona* and of Mr. James's *Attila* in the "Parlour Library."—In Mr. Warren's cheap edition of his works we have before us two volumes, containing the story of *Ten Thousand a Year* "carefully revised."—Mr. Murray has given us a new edition of the Layman's *Life of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells*.—Prof. Newman has brought out a second edition of his *History of the Hebrew Monarchy*, with a new Preface, in which he deals sharply with his critics.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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for fuel; No. 2, Agricultural and rural produce; No. 3, Drugs and painters' materials; No. 4, Food and preparations for domestic use; No. 5, Machines; No. 6, Instruments; No. 7, Manufactured goods for clothing and furniture; No. 8, Metallic wares; No. 9, Stone, earth and glass wares; No. 10, Wood wares, toys, &c. &c.; No. 11, Materials for writing and printing; No. 12, Fine arts.—This classification, by assisting comparison, adds to the utility of the Exhibition; though, in more than one case, it may have spoilt the individual picturesqueness of a compartment. The building is thoroughly filled, and the *coup-d'œil*, radiating on every side from a fountain more massive than sensible in the centre of the nave, produces an effect rich and animated,—sufficient to give such of our German friends as did not get so far as London a fair idea of what the Exhibition of 1851 was like. In the ceremonies of its inauguration, I should perhaps have said earlier, the form of the Hyde Park solemnity was followed. A report,—a royal reply,—music,—and a procession of high personages to open the building—were all gone through in due order.

To return to the contents of the Exhibition:—if some things are wanting, which we might have expected to find here, others are present which will take the general world by surprise. Every one seems to recognize the "great start" which Austria has made. Among the machines, one of the most remarkable specimens is a locomotive of great power, built by an Austrian on a new plan,—for the purpose of dragging the railway trains over the Semmering Alp. The costly silk manufactures from Vienna are of a gorgeousness of texture, and a taste in patterns and combination of colours which may make Lyons "look to its laurels," if much further progress be attained. (It is noticeable, however, that I have not yet found a pure or an effective green, such as the *vert d'Ile* or *vert de fer* of the French, in any corner of this Exhibition.)—There is no lack of such overwrought Austrian furniture as we saw in Hyde Park,—every chair bristling with carving, such as must make it formidable rather than easy to any lady wearing lace,—but some cheaper and simpler specimens of light "occasional" furniture—as our upholsterers designate it—are excellent for the ease with which the common stick from the tree, a little trimmed and curved, is turned to account. Then the display of specimens of nature-printing, and the examples of the galvanoplastic discovery, are various and beautiful—some of the last singularly so. A procession of "The Three Kings" is as rich as if Dürer had polished every detail. Some of the cameos imitated by the same process—in particular, the well-known one of "The Two Arsinœs,"—deserve a word of specification. The above are not Austrian by the grace of conquest,—neither Lombard nor Hungarian,—but most of them products from the city which has long been under the ban of censure, as only good for "eating, drinking, and dying to-morrow," and not for enterprise in any useful art. Having made the above distinction, it may be added that the specimens of Hungarian wines are said to be considered the best among the liquors exhibited. But they keep true to the adage of "dear and good"—since they are too costly for the use of common housekeepers or importers. I expected to have found some of the far-famed Vienna pianofortes here; but the best makers in the Austrian capital have held back from exhibition.

It might naturally have been expected that in a Munich Exhibition the strong point of Munich—its revivals of Medieval art—would have been insisted on in the manufactures exhibited. But such has not been the case. There is nothing here in any respect comparable to the Court arranged by Mr. Pugin: the specimens of painted glass, even, are few,—and those few are dull and glaring. On the other hand, an admirable case of what may be called Art-jewelry, in oxidized silver manufacture, exhibits a Munich artist as treading close on the heels of our clever and effective allies, the French. A carved ivory cup, too, of extraordinary richness and delicacy—probably a reproduction with modifications from the antique—must not be

passed over. Then, an object which strikes the eye well nigh as strongly as did the great looking-glass at the end of the Hyde Park nave, is a work of greater elaborateness and greater utility than the greatest glass,—being a gigantic topographical map of Bavaria.

There are excellent iron castings from Würtemburg, Prussia, and other districts; and this not merely in such costly and delicate articles as tourists have been taught to expect from the Iron Foundry at Berlin, but in commoner and more accessible forms—such as stoves, balconies, screen-work, and the like. The patterns must seem good, the workmanship sure, and the effect remarkably clear of mechanical constraint, even to those who may chance, like your Correspondent, to have been just looking minutely at the treasures in wrought-iron work which old Augsburg contains. The mould, of course, can never give what the hand gives; but the German moulders are approaching the impossible,—perhaps as closely as moulders, by any practice of their craft, can do. With these castings I may mention some fine specimens of coffers, strong-boxes, &c. from North Germany very highly finished. Nor, while speaking of metal work, must a very rich and handsome bell from a foundry at Hoyerswerda be overlooked,—the design and execution of which seem both excellent. Lest I may not have better occasion to get among works in metal again, let me take this opportunity of saying, that among the inventions named as having excited attention, the next thing after the Austrian locomotive referred to, was an indigo-mill from Nuremberg.

In the department of Fabrics it would be as hopeless to adventure with any idea of specification as among the wheels of the engine-room, or the scythes, spades, and flails of the Agricultural chamber, (which, by the way, contains some fine specimens of woods). Generally, however, I may say (not wholly unacquainted with what Germans buy and wear) that, taste in device and colour seems to me to have improved—in the latter especially. Though costume be fast vanishing out of the land, as it must vanish wherever *Zollvereins* and railroads and electrical telegraphs bring people together,—and though, with costume, primitive blues, and scarlets, and yellows will for a time, perhaps, be flouted as “conspicuous”—it is nevertheless comforting to those who object to drab worlds and black crowds to see how bright they can now dye scarlet in Germany, and how very blue the Prussian blue has been made. There is, further, a manifest progress in the designs generally,—to which the aesthetic culture, which may be said for so many years to have radiated from this Munich, has possibly contributed in no unimportant degree.

As much as this cannot be said regarding matters of form, or in praise of the shapes of the glass and porcelain, which are assembled from all quarters and from all sources, royal and private, towards the centre of the building. I cannot see that the “fancies” of the Bohemian crystal of many colours have gained any important development in addition to those which have so long been studied in Steigerwald's window on the *Zeil*, in Frankfort. There is still a certain clumsy and over-charged tastelessness to be complained of, which becomes displeasing so soon as the eye is once habituated to the novelty of the bright hues thrown into the material and to the liberal outpouring of gold thereupon. The porcelain, too, will, in the mass, be found disappointing,—especially the Saxon porcelain. Some of the fine Bavarian china from the State manufactory, with very fine tracery of gold on a white ground, struck me as delicately rich and royal. It is probable, too, that the curiosity-mongers of the world have long ago found out—long before I knew it—that at Berlin there is now a manufacture of *majolica* ware as good as the real old manufacture. Some of the plates and dishes exhibited in Munich are startling as specimens of reproduction,—and purchasable (let me whisper) at a price far nearer approaching the prices of Raphael's time, than “the figure” claimed by our London fanciers, who minister to our London collectors. Then there are some specimens of china painting from Bamberg, which, for delicacy,

richness, and beauty of enamel, could hardly, I fancy, be exceeded in the Paradise of china painters—Sèvres. A boy eating peach, after Murillo,—a well-known pair of groups of Cupids and fruit, after Rubens,—are of the highest quality. The price, too, of these, I am informed, is singularly moderate.

Thus much concerning a few of the objects which are to be seen in this interesting Munich Exhibition. Now comes a less pleasant fact. The people of Munich are to be seen in it very sparingly. The Royalties, belonging to the different States of the *Zollverein*, have most of them come down duly to the Bavarian capital, and walked about in its Palace of Glass, and examined and purchased, with an absence of ceremony and a seeming desire to know its contents, (which implies a knowledge of the wants and capacities of their people,) worthy of recognition. Less troublesome, in this land of title and of trouble, kings, queens, grand dukes, *et cetera*, could not be. But the gentlemen and ladies, the burghers and the burgheresses, and the peasant folk, belonging to the place and its neighbourhood, have not yet found out the worth, merit, and honour of the show, and seem, so far as I can judge, to keep aloof, with as much indifference, as if it were a pageant exclusively got up for strangers, and not by their own “kith and kin.” Doubtless there have been local jealousies, class quarrels, in the usual number; but it would have been more generous and genial in the people of Munich to have forgotten these, shown a quicker interest, and taken a kindlier participation in a festival, which, whether it pay or fail to pay its projectors, cannot be without ultimate result of the best kind,—even among a people so resolutely divided and bent on mutual criticism as the Northern and Southern people, speaking the same German tongue, who yet, not very long ago, talked so loud about the beauty, and strength, and inevitable existence of a “United Germany.” C.

AFRICAN NAMES.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, in his “Life in Abyssinia,” appears to have gone somewhat out of his way to criticize my spelling. In a note in page 357 of the first volume of his work, (which, as it has no direct bearing on the text, might well have been spared,) he thus expresses himself with reference to the small stream running by the town of Adowa:—“I persist in calling this brook Assam, notwithstanding that Dr. Beke (in the Proceedings of the Royal Geog. Soc. vol. xvii. p. 5) is particularly careful in correcting former travellers by saying that it is Hassam (not Assa nor Assam). During my long stay in Tigre I never heard it so called; but lest I should have been guilty of misplacing my H's, I had the word pronounced three or four times by my Abyssinian servant, now with me in England, and could catch no H. I should as soon call Assam Hassam as Hailo Aylo—a mistake which I have seen made in Bruce.” This is, however, anything but a correct way of representing what I said in my paper “On the Nile and its Tributaries,” printed in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, in which, professing “to take a general survey of the numerous streams which unite to form the river of Egypt so far as our knowledge of them extends,” I “confined myself as much as possible to the actual results which have been obtained by the various travellers who have visited the countries watered by those streams.” Accordingly, in treating of the rivulet in question, I said, “As Tigre is that portion of Abyssinia which has been the most frequented by Europeans, it would naturally be imagined that its rivers would be well known and their courses accurately ascertained. Yet such is far from being the case. Even the Hassam (not Assa nor Assam), the small stream flowing past Adowa,—a place which has been visited by every traveller in Tigre, and where many of them have resided for years,—was always regarded as joining the Märeb (it being so laid down in the maps of Bruce, Salt, and others), till Dr. Rüppell first pointed out that in reality it flows south-westward towards the Takkazie.” So that the point respecting which I was so “particularly careful in correcting former travellers was as

to the course of the ‘Hassam.’ As to the orthography of the name, which was adverted to merely parenthetically, so far was I from intending to amend the spelling of other travellers on my own judgment, that I actually adopted that of the one among them whom, from his being an accomplished scholar, possessing a very correct ear, and having resided several years at Adowa, on the banks of this very stream, I regarded as the best authority—I allude to Mr. Isenberg, who, in his Amharic Dictionary, p. 197, writes—“**ሀ**ሰሰመ Hassam, a rivulet near Adon.” Whether Mr. Parkyns is right in contending that Mr. Isenberg is wrong, I pretend not to decide; though I am bound to remark that the former gentleman's work contains faults in the spelling of native names (arising from defective pronunciation) more than sufficient to prove that his authority is not implicitly to be deferred to. I may add, however, that three Abyssinians, natives of Godjam, Mietcha, and Armatchoho respectively, now here in my service, all pronounce the word Assam (as Mr. Parkyns and his servant do) without an aspirate; while two others, natives of Tigre, give it as if it commenced with **ሀ**: a letter which, according to Mr. Isenberg, “in the Tigre language is pronounced with an amplification of the larynx and an accompanying depression of the root of the tongue.” This latter pronunciation of the word may, after all, perhaps be the true one; still, I confess that I hesitate to reject the opinion, so deliberately recorded of Mr. Isenberg—especially on the authority of “servants,” (that is to say, uneducated persons,) who, in Abyssinia as in England and elsewhere, are not the surest guides in orthoepy.

I am, &c., CHARLES BEKE.
Rosalie, Mauritius, May 24.

JEREMY TAYLOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

The writings of Jeremy Taylor are of such a character that laymen, as well as divines, feel an interest in the story of his life. Many of your readers, doubtless, are aware that the republication of his “Whole Works” has been very recently completed by the issue of the first volume, containing “The Life, &c.,” by Bishop Heber, revised and corrected by the Rev. C. P. Eden. It is with respect to the ‘Life,’ thus put forth, that I wish to make a remark, perhaps in the tone of complaint. The remark is, that, in the present edition, nothing has been added to the little that was *certainly* known, at the time Bishop Heber wrote, respecting Taylor's career at Cambridge. Were there not materials? Since 1822, a Memoir has been published by the Rev. T. S. Hughes (in 1831), containing facts worthy of an Editor's notice. But this Memoir has not been noticed by Mr. Eden, although Mr. Willmott had quoted and referred to it. Why this negligence? If the work does not furnish all the evidence that could be desired, as it certainly does not furnish all that could be obtained, there is yet enough to suggest inquiry respecting the facts of Taylor's College-life.

“Whether he received any emolument or honorary distinction from Cambridge is doubtful.” Thus wrote Bishop Heber, and his Editor allows his readers still to continue in doubt. In a footnote, indeed, an extract from Mr. Willmott's delightful biography of Taylor is given, controverting Heber's opinion, and referring to sources of information which a painstaking Editor of so elaborate a work as that before us would have been anxious to open up. Have not the reading public, and especially the subscribers to this edition, some ground of complaint? However, it is not now so much my province to complain, as it shall be my business to indicate the points which might have been ascertained by proper research.

From various books in the keeping of the College, it may be demonstrated that Jeremy Taylor, after having been educated *per decennium* at the Grammar School founded at Cambridge by Dr. Stephen Perse, was, at the age of fifteen, admitted, through the Gate of Humility, to Gonville and Caius College as a *pauper scholaris*, or sizar, on the 18th of August 1626; that after a residence of about two years, he became, by his wisdom and virtue, a scholar on the Perse Foundation, and so continued till, in the latter half of the year 1633,

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he succeeded to a Perse Fellowship, of which he received the stipend for five half-years; the last dividend he received being that which appears in *computo annum 1636*. It may also be shown that the last night he slept in College was that of the 13th of October 1635: and that thus he left us, for better and for worse, ten days before the date of Archbishop Laud's letter on his behalf "To the Wardens and Fellows of All-souls Coll. Oxford."

It may also be ascertained that he left Cambridge in poverty. The College which had cherished him for more than nine years was poor and populous: there were many claimants for support from its funds, as well as for instruction from its teachers,—there were half a score sizar in Taylor's year, besides scholars. The College, too, was full, as is shown by the number of those who took their B.A. degree in the course of a year,—the number in Taylor's was twenty-one. Promotion was slow, but in due course he received a Fellowship, of which the stipend was the same as that of the other Junior fellowships:—the Seniors would have been "passing rich on forty pounds a year." If his stipend was small, this cannot be a reproach, inasmuch as the College gave him all it had to give. It was even generous towards him,—at least, considerate,—for it was content to be his creditor for some years after he had departed through our Gate of Honour.

He gathered moss as he moved about in the outer world. He grew rich after he went to Oxford,—or, rather, when he left it: for the chaplain of Archbishop Laud resided there but occasionally. He had scarcely been one year a member of All-souls when Bishop Juxon gave the preacher at St. Paul's Cross the Rectory of Uppingham. Another year only elapsed, and he ceased to be a Fellow, becoming the husband of Phoebe Lansdale,—the sister, I rather think, of a former pupil at Caius College. Clouds, domestic and political, heavily laden with tears, overshadowed the next twenty years of his life. When the sun shone again upon him, he seems to have turned his grateful eyes to his College and to Cambridge. Although he was removed to Down and Connor, the friends he selected for promotion were invited from this place. Perhaps he remembered former kindnesses, when he obtained for an old Caius man, Francis Marsh, the deanship of Armagh, and chose, by the King's leave, his own Dean, George Rush, from among his friends at Cambridge.

But enough. I took up my pen to mark an omission, and I have been rudely sketching the outline of a Life. Although it be true, that he who has no merits of his own to rely upon is often the most forward to speak of the glory of his ancestors,—*pictos ostendere vultus majorum*,—I may, perhaps, be pardoned if, in thus trespassing upon your valuable space, I shall seem to be influenced less by a simple wish to clear up some doubtful points in the early history of a notable writer, than by a desire to maintain the claim of Gonville and Caius College to the inheritance of the honour reflected upon those, our founders and benefactors, who were the foster-parents of the genius of Jeremy Taylor.

W. R. COLLETT.

Gonville and Caius College, August 7.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The unsettled state of Copyright Law, as regards American authors, produced by the late decision of the House of Lords, puts us at sea once more. The publishers would seem to have a clear field again:—and thus it becomes necessary for the holders of imaginary American copyrights to do battle with them on their own ground. Messrs. Low & Co. have to make a sacrifice to meet the rivalry of the Messrs. Routledge. Mr. Bentley calls attention to his own cheap edition of Prescott's works, with a view to warn off the reprinters. Mr. Murray's copyrights in Washington Irving's writings are again at stake,—and Mr. Bohn has now, we infer, a legal right to continue his re-publication of these works. So likewise with regard to Mr. Bentley's property in Mr. Bancroft's "History of America." Part of that work has been reprinted in shilling volumes:—the issue was stayed, as it now appears under a false impression of what was good in law. How will that arrange-

ment—and all other compromises of the same kind between publisher and publisher—now stand? It is clear now, that whether right or wrong in morals, the reprinters were decidedly right in point of law, and that the various compromises were made in ignorance. Will they stand in face of this new reading of the law? Here are some of the commercial results of "the glorious uncertainty." The literary results are likely to be more disastrous. Under the pirate system—now established on both sides of the Atlantic—native literature has a thousand obstacles to its growth. This system has repressed the growth of American literature, and all but destroyed the sale of native works in America. While publishers could steal English books they did not care to buy American:—and the result is seen in the fact, that literature in the United States—apart from journalism—has no followers. American poets are bankers,—the historians are merchants or diplomats. Prescott, Bancroft, and Washington Irving have all, we believe, received more money for their writings in England than they have received at home. English authors are now about to encounter the same sort of rivalry. Messrs. Prescott and Bancroft, in America, had small chance at four dollars a volume against Mr. Grote or Mr. Macaulay at half a dollar a volume. We shall now see how the reverse will act in London:—Messrs. Macaulay and Grote selling at sixteen shillings against Messrs. Prescott and Bancroft at one.

In *Norton's Gazette*, an American literary journal conducted with ability and with a moderation of tone rare in Transatlantic papers, we find the first of a series of papers on "British Libraries." The writer begins with the Chetham Library, in Manchester; and among other instances which he adduces to prove how little is known "of really remarkable collections of books, when they happen not to be preserved in London," he says that the Chetham Library belonged to the Chetham Society. We cannot find any such assertion in the *Athenæum* of that date,—nor do we believe that any such blunder ever appeared in our pages.

We see with pleasure that the Directors of the Polytechnic Institution propose to open their rooms to the great sixpenny public on Monday evening next,—for whose behoof a special series of lectures are in course of preparation on science in connexion with popular education.

The daily papers record the death of Mr. J. E. Winterbottom. He had been travelling for some months in the East, and had visited Upper Egypt, Palestine and Syria, and was making his way from Beyrouth to Constantinople, when he was seized, at Rhodes, with the disease which seems to be now prevailing over the whole world, and died after a short illness. Mr. Winterbottom, though not an extensive contributor to the literature of science, was well known in the natural-history circles of London as possessed of a varied and extended acquaintance with the sciences of zoology and botany. In 1846, 1847 and 1848 he travelled in India, and, in conjunction with Capt. Strachey, made a number of valuable observations on the natural history of the districts through which he travelled, and brought home an extensive collection of plants. Mr. Winterbottom was the son of the late Dr. Winterbottom, of Reading. He was educated for the medical profession, and took his degree of B.M., at Oxford, in 1825. He never, however, practised medicine. He was a Fellow of the Linnean, Geographical and other scientific Societies of the metropolis.

Mr. Thomas Crofton Croker, whose death took place, on the 8th inst., in the neighbourhood of London, and of the age of fifty-seven, was principally known as the author of a volume of "Researches in the South of Ireland," (1824, Lond. 4to.) and a collection of Irish fairy tales, which was reprinted in Murray's Family Library. Walter Scott hits off his personal appearance in a few words in his Diary:—"Little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy prepossessing manners—something like Tom Moore." Mr. Croker was a native of the south of Ireland. Through the influence of his namesake, Mr. J. W. Croker, he obtained an

appointment in the Admiralty, from which he retired some few years ago after a long period of service. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and one of the managers of the Archaeological Association, the Camden, Percy, and other similar Societies. He contributed papers and volumes to the publications of all these Societies. For the Camden Society he edited a volume entitled "Excidium Macarais: Narratives illustrative of Contests in Ireland, in 1641 and 1693," (1841, 4to.,) and for the Percy Society two volumes of the Songs of Ireland and a collection of Irish Keens, with several others. But Mr. Croker was not fortunate either in his connexion with these Societies, or with his literary brethren. He had formed a considerable collection of Irish antiquities, which was enriched, through his influence at the Admiralty, with a variety of articles of a cognate character derived from many distant regions.

The Niger-Chadda Expedition has been rather unfortunate. By a former arrival the death of its leader, Capt. Bcroft, was announced; and we now learn that the Prussian ethnologist, Dr. Bleek, who was sent out to join the Pleiad, has been invalidated home in the same vessel in which he started from Plymouth a few months ago. Dr. Baikie, R.N., is now the leader of the Expedition; and Commander Miller, of H.M.S. Crane, has kindly permitted his second Master, Mr. May, to assist in the navigation up the river.

From Hanover we hear of the death of Prof. Gieseier,—and from Innspruck of that of the Naturalist King of Saxony, killed by the overturning of his carriage and a kick from a horse.

A Reading paper prints the following note from Miss Mitford:—"I take for granted, that you know my afflictions; but God is very merciful—He has left unwithered my intellect and my affections, and, at this very moment, I am sitting at the open window, inhaling the sweet summer air; a jar of beautiful roses on the windowsill within-side; a perfect sheaf of fresh-gathered meadow-sweet, sending in its almond fragrance from without; and, although too much sunken in the chair to look down on my little flower-beds, the blue sky, the green trees, and the distant harvest-fields for a prospect. There is consolation here—the best consolation—next to the goodness of God, is the beauty of nature."

From Paris we hear that M. Léon Halévy has been elected Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts in the place of M. Raoul Rochette.

Capt. Allen writes:—"On looking over a file of the *Athenæum* journal for the month of June, I found the following remarks in an article on the 'Expedition to Central Africa' [ante, p. 687], which I had not previously seen.—'So little reliance was placed on the observations of his (Dr. Vogel's) predecessors,—even so justly celebrated travellers as Clapperton and Denham,—by writers on African geography, that every one seems to have considered himself perfectly justified in improving upon them and shifting them about *ad libitum*, hundreds of miles, to the east or west. Thus, Capt. W. Allen, as will be seen in the following table, in his essay on the Yeu and Chadda, places Kuka some 130 miles more to the westward, while Mr. MacQueen and Prof. Berghaus assign a position to it 50 to 60 miles more to the eastward,—thus creating an irreconcileable difference of about 200 miles.'

Assumed Longitude of Kuka, East from Greenwich.

Clapperton and Denham	14° 30'
Allen (Journ. R. Geog. Soc. vol. viii.)	12° 34'
MacQueen (Map of 1843)	15° 20'
Berghaus (Geographisches Jahrbuch, 1850)	15° 16'
Dr. Vogel (by Lunar Observations)	13° 22'

—It will be seen that the position of Kuka is about 80 English miles more to the west than that assumed from Clapperton and Denham's observations.—Now, taking Dr. Vogel's observations of the longitude 13° 22' E. as the standard, we have the following differences or errors, instead of those given by your correspondent, Mr. Pétermann.—

Clapperton and Denham	68' East of the truth.
Allen	48' West
MacQueen	118' East
Berghaus	114' East

—Thus, the greatest difference is 166 miles, instead

of 200,—and you will do me the justice to observe that my error, instead of being 130 as stated, is 48 miles, and nearer to the true longitude than the others; and that as I did not visit Kuka, it is only by estimation, in an attempt to reconcile Clapperton and Lander's Itineraries with my observations on the Niger.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM ALLEN, Capt. R.N."

Mr. Heywood has given notice that, early in the next session, he will move for a select committee to inquire into the expediency of affording to the nation a full and equal participation in all the advantages which are not necessarily of an ecclesiastical or spiritual character in the English and Irish Universities.

The Astronomer Royal is preparing for a novel series of experiments. Last week he paid a visit to the Colliery district of the Tyne, and descended Horton Pit, the deepest shaft on the Tyne, to a depth of 1,260 feet, to examine if it be possible to conduct a series of delicate experiments and observations in reference to the pendulum, and the earth's action upon it there, simultaneously with similar ones on the surface, with a view to determine the weight of the earth and planets. The proprietors and officers of the mine gave every facility to the Astronomer Royal, and tendered not only the use of the mine, but their own personal services for any future occasion. Everything at present looks encouraging for these important scientific experiments.

The Gray MSS. have been sold at good prices, —but not, we are sorry to add, to any public library. The 'Elegy,' with its various readings, sold for 13*l.* to Mr. Wrightson of Birmingham. It is inscribed by Gray, 'Stanzas written in a Country Church-yard.' The many alterations, erasures, and corrections, and the variations from the poem as now printed, are of great literary interest, as we recently showed. Mason states that Gray originally gave it only the simple title of 'Stanzas.' "I persuaded him first to call it an 'Elegy,'" [see Mason's edit. of Gray's Works, York, 1775, 4to. p. 108]. The MS. copy at Cambridge is so inscribed; the rejected Stanzas, which appear in this MS. are omitted in that; in fact, there are all the indications of priority instanced by Mason, in whose writing on the paper in which it was found, there is inscribed "Original copy of the 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard.'" —The autograph of 'The Long Story' brought 2*l.*; Gray's Correspondence with Mason — recently printed — brought 3*l.*; a copy of the Strawberry Hill edition of the Odes brought 2*l.* 10*s.* This imprint is of some interest as an exemplification of literary candour; the Poet not only having explained, in his manuscript notes on the margins, the passages in the Odes which had been thought obscure, but acknowledged the various sources from which he had borrowed aid for their composition; the notes illustrate Gray's reasons for giving such assistance to his readers, "partly from justice, to acknowledge a debt when I had borrowed anything; partly from ill temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward the First was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor." The volume possesses the importance of a manuscript, and is of interest in connexion with Horace Walpole, who in a letter to Chute (July 12, 1757) writes — "With what do you think we open? *Cedite Romani Impressores* — with nothing under *Gratia Carmina*. I found him in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first-fruits of my press." Gray has marked the musical time, and the directions for accompaniment, to the second Ode, 'The Bard.' The Poet's MS. Note Books, written during his travels, sold for 2*l.* 10*s.*; a single letter, that addressed to R. Stonewell, brought 1*l.* 7*s.* The entire collection of Gray MSS. sold for 4*l.* 7*s.*

A deputation from the scientific Societies had an interview with Sir William Molesworth, on the 4th inst., at the Office of Works and Public Buildings, in Whitehall Place, in connexion with the proposal to locate these Societies in Burlington House, Piccadilly. The deputation was introduced by Mr. Heywood and Sir J. Shelley, and consisted

of — from the Botanical Society, Messrs. J. Heywood, J. Miers, Hewett, C. Watson, J. Reynolds, and G. E. Dennes; from the Statistical Society, Messrs. Lumley, Guy, Bird and Cheshire; from the Pathological Society, Messrs. Babington, Ferguson, Quain and Henry; from the Epidemiological Society, Messrs. Babington, M'William, Tucker, Seaton and Sibson; from the Ethnological Society, Messrs. J. Heywood, J. Bell, G. B. Greenhough, Cull and Camps; from the Entomological Society, Messrs. E. Newman and Douglas; from the Philological Society, Mr. F. J. Furnivall; and from the Institute of Actuaries, Messrs. H. Williams and Cheshire. — Dr. Guy said that their object was to induce the Government to provide accommodation for the various literary and scientific Societies under one roof, and he stated the good results which would follow from such a course being adopted. Sir John Shelley having supported the object of the deputation, — Sir W. Molesworth said that, without pledging the Government in any way, he might state that the subject of providing the various scientific Societies with rooms at the Government expense had been taken into consideration. In conclusion, he stated that those Societies who were about to be removed by the Government taking the apartments they at present occupy in Somerset House, would be entitled to the first consideration. — The deputation thanked the right hon. gentleman for his courtesy, and withdrew.

Mr. Prescott's new work, 'Philip the Second,' is to extend to six volumes — for which Mr. Bentley, it is said, was to have given as many thousand pounds. Two volumes of the work are ready for the press, — and the remaining volumes are to be prepared for publication at intervals of about two years. Let us hope that Mr. Prescott's countrymen will consent to a copyright treaty with England, and so secure to him the rewards of his industry and genius in both countries.

Don Manuel de Ysasi, Secretary to the Colonial and International Postage Association, has made an interesting report to the Council, in which, after recapitulating facts with which our readers are already familiar, he proceeds: — "I think that the Paris Exhibition of 1855 may be made the means of maturing a project inaugurated during the Exhibition of 1851. I propose that a Postal Congress should take place during that period in the French capital, and it is hoped that every Government will feel the importance of the question sufficiently to induce each of them to send a representative to the same, for examining, discussing, and determining the general basis of this vexed and complicated question. The Governments of Belgium and Spain, and many States of America, have already given in their adhesion to this project, and have intimated their intention of sending delegates to the Congress. I anticipate that the most satisfactory results will accrue from the deliberations of a body of competent persons thus constituted. In my opinion the best means for obtaining this end would be to address a Circular (a copy of which I will submit to you) to all the Foreign Governments which have not yet sent in their adhesion. At the same time I leave for your mature consideration the question whether or not the following basis, for carrying out the project, might not be submitted in that Circular. — 1st. That each Country becoming a party to the convention shall charge, collect, and retain the entire postage of all Foreign letters sent outwards, and that it shall deliver all letters received from Foreign Post Offices, included in the Convention, free of all charge whatever. 2ndly. That each Country shall make what charge it pleases on all letters proceeding to Foreign Countries, but that charge shall be uniform in all things to all Countries parties to the Convention. 3rdly. That in the case of Countries through which Mails are transmitted to other Countries a special arrangement shall be agreed upon, such as a definite sum or other compensation for such service, and no other charge shall be made. 4thly. That as a general rule all postages should be prepaid, and when not prepaid ten times the ordinary charge should be made."

The presentation by Lord John Russell, on behalf of a large body of subscribers of all parties,

of a testimonial portrait of Mr. Hume, the apostle of economical and financial reform, to his wife, calls for a note of record. The portrait, by the judicious determination of Mrs. Hume, is to find a permanent resting-place in University College, where it will be acceptable as a work of Art, and especially so as a record of Mr. Hume's persevering efforts in the cause of national education. The reason why we notice this pleasant incident in the world of politics, is because it enables us to glance, by way of contrast, and for the encouragement of all friends of progress, at the altered tone in public life which this incident betokens. They who, like ourselves, have been witnesses to the whole course of Mr. Hume as a public man, cannot but remember how much obloquy and ridicule, how many sneers, what torrents of contempt, how much opposition of all kinds he had to encounter in the early part of his career. He has outlived it; he has overcome it. The principles which he consistently advocated have partially triumphed, and are bearing fruit in the increased happiness and welfare of millions. If there be "sermons in stones" so are they in pictures. Such a portrait may convey — as we hope it does — pleasure and gratification of the highest kind to Mr. Hume himself; but its highest value is to be found in the fact, that it speaks also trumpet-tongued to all who like him advocate — it may be amidst much mistake, and many errors, but still sincerely — the cause of popular enlightenment and free and honest government. It calls upon all such persons — and that with no ambiguous voice — to persevere.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. — The GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT and DECEASED BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily, from 10 to 4-Admission, 6*s.* Catalogue, 6*s.* — GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park. — Admission, 1*s.* — The original PANORAMA of LONDON BY DAY is exhibited daily, from half past Ten till Five. — Museum of Sculpture, Conservatory, Swiss Cottage, &c. — The extraordinary PANORAMA of LONDON BY NIGHT, every Evening from Seven till Ten. Music from Two to Five, and during the Evening.

GYCOLORAMA, Regent's Park. — NOW OPEN, with a Colossal Moving DIORAMA of the City and Bay of NAPLES, MOUNT VESUVIUS, and POMPEII, exhibiting the great Eruption of 1822, and present state of the Excavated City. Painted by Mr. J. McNEIL, from Sketches taken by himself in 1822. Daily at Three and Eight o'clock, with appropriate Music and Description. — Admission, 1*s.*, Children and Schools, half-price.

ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street — SEAT OF WAR. — The DIORAMA of the BALTIK, DANUBE and BLACK SEA, including Cronstadt, Sebastopol, Constantine, and St. Petersburg is now exhibiting daily, at Three and Eight o'clock — Admission, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, and 3*s.*

TURKISH EXHIBITION and MUSEUM, Hyde Park Corner. — Ten months having been devoted in the most elaborate preparation and careful arrangement for this Unique Collection of Models from Life, representing the Correct Costume, and every minute detail of Arms &c., illustrating the History of the Turks and Pencils now on view, will be exhibited at the ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER, PICCADILLY — OPENS DAILY, from Eleven A.M. to Six P.M., with the exception of Saturday, when it will be closed at Six P.M. — Price of Admission, 2*s.* 6*d.*, Children, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Family Tickets (admitting Five persons, 10*s.*; and Saturday, 1*s.* 6*d.*) — Open every day, except Saturday, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. — The Collection will be previously exhibited at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street — A Handbook to the Exhibition is published, with Illustrations, price 1*s.*

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

ASTRONOMICAL. — June 9. — G. B. Airy, Esq., President, in the chair. — J. Samuel, Esq., Lieut. A. Noble, Lieut. W. H. Noble, and J. Burman, Esq., were elected Fellows, and Dr. Luther of Bilk, was elected an Associate of the Society. — Among other facts and papers brought before the Society was a paper, entitled 'Remarks on the Early History of the Researches of Astronomers relative to the Spheroidal Figure of the Earth.' After a minute criticism, the author stated the following as his summary of the facts of the case: — "There exists no necessity for appealing to the authority of Lalande in regard to the question of Cassini having observed the spheroidal figure of Jupiter previous to the publication of 'Principia'; since Newton expressly alludes to the observations of the Italian astronomer, both in his letter to Flamsteed, already cited, and also in the original edition of the 'Principia.' It is manifest, however, that Cassini did not place much reliance upon his early observations of the ellipticity of Jupiter, since we find him asserting, as late as the year 1800, that the planet appeared quite round. It is worthy of remark, that although Flamsteed is cited by Newton, in the first edition

of the 'Principia,' as having ascertained by observation that the figure of Jupiter is spheroidal, this positive statement is suppressed in the second and third editions. Instead of the words, 'consentientibus observationibus Cassini et Flamsteadi,' which appear in the original edition (Book iii. Proposition xviii.), the words, 'consentientibus astronomorum observationibus,' are used in the second and third editions. It might seem, at first sight, as if this alteration had no special reference to Flamsteed, since the name of Cassini is also omitted. We find, however, in the following position of both editions, an express mention of the observations of Cassini, but not of those of Flamsteed; whereas in the original edition the same proposition contains no allusion to the observations of either of these astronomers. I shall not presume to suggest what may have been the motive which induced Newton thus to suppress the name of Flamsteed in connexion with so interesting a fact as the independent observation of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter. I may state, however, that I have carefully examined the 'Historia Cœlestis,' and also Baily's 'Life of Flamsteed,' but I have not found in them any suspicion of the planet being otherwise than perfectly round. It appears to me, that if Flamsteed had possessed any confidence in his observations, I should have found them recorded in one of the works just cited. It appears that as early as the year 1667 or 1668 Newton was led to consider the diminution of gravity at the equator arising from the diurnal motion of the earth. As he was then endeavouring to explain the mechanics of the solar system by the principle of gravitation, it can hardly be doubted that the spheroidal figure of the earth, which is a direct consequence of this diminution, had already presented itself to his mind. It would seem, from his letter to Flamsteed, that he had only obtained some vague information respecting Cassini's observation of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter, and that he regarded such an observation as affording a valuable confirmation of his own abstract researches on the spheroidal figure of the earth upon which the phenomenon of the precession of the equinoxes (alluded to by him) essentially depends. It is certain, however, from the words used by him in his letter to Halley,—'But yet to do this business right is a thing of far greater difficulty than I was aware of,'—that he had not at this time devised the method for computing the ratio of the equatoreal and polar axes which he has given in the 'Principia.' The difficulty to which he refers manifestly arose from the complication of the effects of the centrifugal force at the equator with those due to the variation in the intensity of gravity occasioned by the greater distance from the centre of the earth of the particles constituting the redundant matter at the equator. That Cassini's early observations of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter were regarded by Newton as valuable, inasmuch as they served, not to suggest, but to confirm, his own theoretical researches will further appear evident from the following considerations:—In 1678, when the question of the spheroidal figure of the earth was discussed at several successive meetings of the Royal Society, no allusion was made by Hooke, or any other Fellow of the Society, to Cassini's discovery of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter. As this fact would have served to throw much valuable light upon the subject of discussion, we may fairly conclude that it was altogether unknown to any of the individuals who attended these meetings. But if Hooke and his scientific friends in London had not yet obtained any account of Cassini's observations, it is in the highest degree improbable that Newton—who was living in comparative retirement at Cambridge, and whose intercourse with men of science was at this time very limited—should have been better informed on the subject. It seems probable that the presentation of the first two books of the 'Principia' to the Royal Society in the spring of 1686, and Halley's active dissemination of a knowledge of the important labours of Newton on the System of the World, may have given rise to much discussion both in England and on the Continent, and that out of this discussion Cassini's discovery of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter (or rather his suspicion

of that fact, for it was nothing more) first became known in this country. This view of the subject will appear still more credible when it is borne in mind that at one of the meetings of the Royal Society, held in the spring of 1686, we now find Hooke, for the first time, alluding to the observations of Cassini. That an important scientific fact closely connected with Newton's researches might have remained unknown to that geometer many years subsequent to its discovery, is strikingly illustrated by the circumstance that at the time of the publication of the second edition of the 'Principia,' in 1713, he appears to have been unacquainted with Cassini's comparatively recent communication to the Academy of Sciences, in 1691, respecting the spheroidal figure of Jupiter; for if he had been aware of that announcement he would assuredly have referred to it in the new edition; whereas we find merely a vague allusion to the early observations of Cassini. It is in the third edition, which was published in 1726, that Newton for the first time alludes to Cassini's communication to the Academy of Sciences in 1691, the vaguer statement which appeared in the second edition being now altogether suppressed. It can hardly be doubted, when we take into consideration these various circumstances, that when Newton first became acquainted with Cassini's early observations of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter, he regarded them as valuable merely on account of their affording a confirmation of his own theoretical researches on the spheroidal figure of the earth and the precession of the equinoxes. About the same time that Newton was led to suspect the variation of gravity at the surface of the earth, or at any rate prior to the year 1671, a suspicion of the same fact was announced at one of the meetings of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. It is worthy of remark, however, that although Delambre carefully examined the early Registers of the Academy, he was unable to discover in them the slightest allusion to the spheroidal figure of the earth. The earliest distinct announcement of the probability of the earth being somewhat flattened at the poles, as a consequence of its diurnal rotation, is undoubtedly due to Hooke. The hints on the subject thrown out by that distinguished philosopher at several successive meetings of the Royal Society in the spring of 1678, afford abundant proofs of the sagacity of their author; but unfortunately, as in the case of his other speculations on the principle of gravity, he failed to establish his conclusions by a process of rigorous investigation. It is difficult to ascertain the precise time at which Huyghens was led to suspect that the figure of the earth must be spheroidal. It would appear, from the preface to his essay 'On the Cause of Gravity,' that the part of the work which treats of this subject was written after his departure from Paris, and therefore subsequently to 1681; and as we further gather, from another statement made by him in the body of the same work, that he had been led to suspect the spheroidal figure of the earth *previous* to his perusal of the 'Principia,' we may infer that his original speculations on the subject were suggested to his mind on some occasion during the interval comprised between the years 1681 and 1687. His subsequent computation of the terrestrial ellipticity, according to his own ideas of gravity, was suggested by the method given by Newton in the 'Principia.' It may be remarked, that the spheroidal figure of the earth was originally suggested to Hooke by the announcement of an analogous fact (which, however, turned out to be unfounded) as characterizing one of the other bodies of the planetary system. Huyghens, on the other hand, was led to a similar conclusion by reflecting upon the variation of gravity at the earth's surface, as indicated by the observations with the pendulum. It is highly probable that Newton's views on the same subject were suggested by purely mechanical considerations.

"The following conclusions may be considered as fairly deducible from the facts above stated:—1. The earliest authentic announcement of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter is contained in an observation of the planet by Picard in the year 1673. There are good reasons for supposing that about the same time, or even previously, Cassini was led

by his observations of the planet to suspect the same fact; but the Italian astronomer does not seem to have entertained a firm conviction of its existence till about the year 1691. It would appear, from the evidence of Newton, that Flamsteed was also one of the early observers of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter. This statement, however, is not borne out by an actual examination of the recorded observations of the English astronomer.—2. In the year 1667 or 1668 Newton seems to have been led by his speculations on gravity to consider the effects of the centrifugal force in diminishing the weight of bodies at the equator. It is highly probable that the spheroidal figure of the earth had occurred to his mind on this occasion; but we have no reason to suppose that he was acquainted, at so early a period of his researches, with the method subsequently given by him in the 'Principia' for determining the ratio of the equatoreal and polar axes.—3. About the time when Newton first turned his attention to the effects of the centrifugal force at the equator, occasioned by the diurnal rotation of the earth, the probability of a diminution of gravity from the poles to the equator arising from the same cause, was suggested at one of the meetings of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris. It does not appear, however, that any inference was deduced from this fact relative to the spheroidal figure of the earth.—4. In the year 1678, Hooke suggested that the figure of the earth might be spheroidal in consequence of its diurnal motion; but neither on that nor on any future occasion did he assign a method for determining the ratio of the equatoreal and polar axes.—5. Some time during the period comprised between the years 1681 and 1687, Huyghens arrived at the conclusion that the figure of the earth must be spheroidal; but his subsequent determination of the ellipticity, according to his own hypothesis of gravity, was founded on the method given by Newton in the 'Principia.'—6. There exist no grounds for supposing that Cassini's observations of the spheroidal figure of Jupiter were known in England previous to the year 1686."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—*July 26.*—Sir J. Doratt, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Vaux read a paper communicated by Col. Leake, V.P., 'On the Discovery of the Temple of Apollo Smintheus in the Troad,' by Capt. Spratt, R.N. In the course of the last autumn Capt. Spratt, when employed on the Admiralty Survey, landed on the coast of the Troad at a spot called Hamaxitium by Strabo, a district forming a triangle at the south-western end of that country. The remains of the temple are situated at a short distance from the shore, 12 miles south of the ruins of Alexandria. It appears to have been placed on a plateau, which connects the ridge, on which stands the Turkish village of Kulaghi, with another running parallel to it. The remains consist of several large columns lying in all directions within two or three small gardens. Some appear to be *in situ*, but no more than a few feet of them appeared above ground. There were also some massive foundations of the temple near them. Near the temple itself are some ruins of a large building of Roman times, with walls formed in part of horizontal courses. Capt. Spratt was fortunate enough to find near the village of Kulaghi a square slab, on which was an inscription commemorating the celebration of games, called the Smintheia Pauleia, and belonging from the character of the letters and the names, which occur upon it, to the second century of our era. Col. Leake described also a very curious inscription, the original of which has been presented by Capt. Spratt to the University of Cambridge, recording the honours paid to Cassander the son of the Nestheus, by nine nations and twelve cities. This slab was found in the neighbourhood of this temple. M. le Vicomte de Rongé gave an account of the excavations made by M. Mariette, on the site of the ancient Serapeum near Memphis, and stated that after completely excavating out the Alley of Sphinxes, he had come at length to the portal of the Serapeum itself. Within the building he found some gigantic sarcophagi more than 20 feet long, in which *Apis* had formerly been buried, and containing a series

of mummied bulls from the reign of Rameses. II. to the Ptolemies.

FINE ARTS

The Opening of the Crystal Palace considered in some of its Relations to the Prospects of Art. By John Ruskin, M.A.—Smith, Elder & Co.

It may now be laid down as little short of an acknowledged dogma, that Mr. Ruskin can be no more expected to write a page without some allusion to Turner or Venice than Don Quixote could utter three consecutive sentences without a mention of Palmerin of England or Don Bellianus of Greece.

This pamphlet, of twenty-one pages, contains in fact only two pages about the Crystal Palace, with nineteen on Gothic architecture and a proposed Society for antiquarian restorations. We are glad to see Mr. Ruskin's opinion of the building at Sydenham somewhat raised since his last work, in which he condemned glass and iron as architectural materials forbidden in Scripture. He was walking, he tells us, among the mountains when he read the account, in the *Times* newspaper, of the opening of the Palace. It may be interesting for future ages to know exactly where he stood at the time:—it was on the ascent of the hill, between Vevey and Chatel St. Denis;—and we have every reason to believe that the present pamphlet was concocted for Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. as their author wandered on where the “road wound among the grassy slopes of the Simmental.” He contrasted the “image of that mighty Palace, raised so high above the hills on which it is built as to make them seem little else than a basement for its glittering stateliness,” with the low larshuts, half hidden by the impending forests and scattered, like grey stones, along the masses of far-away mountain. Here were the dwellers with the wild goats and the conies; there the great multitude, haughty with the hope of endless progress and irresistible power,—and so on.

Of the Palace, the following extract conveys a well-written and liberal eulogy, which, however, he almost neutralizes in his succeeding pages.—

“It is, indeed, impossible to limit, in imagination, the beneficial results which may follow from the undertaking thus happily begun. For the first time in the history of the world, a national museum is formed in which a whole nation is interested; formed on a scale which permits the exhibition of monuments of Art in unbroken symmetry, and of the productions of nature in unthwarted growth,—formed under the auspices of science which can hardly err, and of wealth which can hardly be exhausted; and placed in the close neighbourhood of a metropolis overflowing with a population weary of labour, yet thirsting for knowledge, where contemplation may be consistent with rest, and instruction with enjoyment. It is impossible, I repeat, to estimate the influence of such an institution on the minds of the working classes. How many hours once wasted may now be profitably dedicated to pursuits in which interest was first awakened by some accidental display in the Norwood palace;—how many constitutions, almost broken, may be restored by the healthy temptation into the country air;—how many intellects, once dormant, may be roused into activity within the crystal walls, and how these noble results may go on multiplying and increasing and bearing fruit seventy times seven-fold, as the nation pursues its career,—are questions as full of hope as incapable of calculation. But with all these grounds for hope, there are others for despondency, giving rise to a group of melancholy thoughts, of which I can neither press the importunity nor forbear the expression.”

Our author is indignant with Mr. Laing because in his opening speech he spoke of the Palace as the beginning of “an entirely novel order of architecture”; whereas he proves it to be nothing but “a magnified conservatory”—“a mere hall of glass”—“a colossal receptacle for the casts and copies of the art of other nations.” He laments that the study of Architecture for three hundred years, the curious investigation and earnest discussion of its principles, ends in our exalted and disciplined taste being dazzled by the lustre of a few panes of glass, and a belief that the first principles of architectural sublimity consist in sparkling and in space. He classes the Palace as a work of mechanical ingenuity with the building of a screw frigate or a tubular bridge; but sums up his prophetic denunciations by the undoubted but unmeaning truism, that “we may cover the German Ocean with frigates, and bridge the Bristol Channel with iron, and roof the county of Middlesex with crystal, and yet not possess one Milton or

Michael Angelo.” What hair-splitting is this! No one is so triumphant as a man who dogmatizes. A truism thrown into an interrogative form—or put in the way of an aphorism—is an unanswerable thing, stands for an argument, and has as much effect in a dispute as a joke or a loud voice. Let us ask Mr. Ruskin if there are not many undiscovered regions where the mind may pursue its conquests, binding invisible but potent spirits in its chain, and bidding them serve as guides into fresh worlds? Need a nation be always producing Miltons, Buonarrotis, or Turners? Does not one age triumph in Science and another in Art? Giotto did not invent the steam-engine, nor did Watt advance the art of painting—“one star differeth from another star in glory;” but they all shine by turns in the same heaven, and are each suns to their own spheres. Is it not so?

The Palace at Sydenham may be a mere fourteen acres of ground covered in with glass—it may be a new order of architecture as yet, but perhaps it is the germ of one. The savage's cabin grew into the Egyptian temple, the Arab tent-pole became the gilded pillar of the mosque, the stone prop of the Cyclopean hut the Corinthian column. The child does not see the oak in the acorn and the flower in the seed, the butterfly in the grub and the nightingale in the egg, but still they exist.

Is it nothing that a great commercial nation should have founded a company for commercial purposes, and should have decided that a collection of works of Art would form the most profitable exhibition which could be presented to the English people—the much-despised people, who frequented wax-works and gingerbread fairs, because they had nothing better to look at, who broke noses off statues which no mutilation could injure, and who, treated with suspicion, had grown from that very suspicion unworthy of confidence? We were indifferent to Greek art for the same reason that the people of Congo are indifferent to ice,—because they never see it.

But Mr. Ruskin, who seems born for the opposition side of the house—born to oppose and to be opposed—the Ishmael of Art, the Bedouin of Architecture,—has, in fact, not written the book to eulogize the Palace—which he regards not with dislike at least with coldness and distrust,—but to accuse the age of two great neglects—England of the first, and Europe of the second. He says:—

“In the year in which the first Crystal Palace was built, there died among us a man whose name, in after ages, will stand with those of the great of all time. Dying, he bequeathed to the nation the whole mass of his most cherished works; and for these three years, while we have been building this colossal receptacle for casts and copies of the art of other nations, these works of our own greatest painter have been left to decay in a dark room near Cavendish Square, under the custody of an aged servant. This is quite natural. But it is also memorable. There is another interesting fact connected with the history of the Crystal Palace as it bears on that of the art of Europe, namely, that in the year 1851, when all that glittering roof was built, in order to exhibit the pretty arts of our fashionable luxury—the carved boudoirs of Vienna, and glued toys of Switzerland, and gay jewellery of France—in that very year, I say, the greatest pictures of the Venetian masters were rotting at Venice in the rain, for want of roof to cover them, with holes made by cannon shot through their canvas.”

—And to these charges he adds a third, namely, that while fourteen acres of ground were being covered with glass, the noblest examples of Gothic architecture throughout Europe were being resolutely destroyed by rash and ignorant restoration. In France, the Cathedrals of Rheims, Amiens, Rouen, Chartres, and Paris are at this moment being repaired. In the author's own knowledge, the entrance to the north transept of Rouen Cathedral—in his opinion the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture he has ever seen—has been entirely ruined by elaborate re-construction; while the old Norman houses of the same city are being whitewashed and defaced. He sees in the present day among the upper classes of European society a tendency to consider the solemnity of ancient architecture as repulsive. Every city strives to resemble the Champs Élysées—gay promenades, with fountains and statues, appear upon deserted quays, and theatres rise upon the dust of desecrated chapels.

All this may be true. The most Utopian poet cannot but expect that the antiquities of the past

will one day or another become extinct. Our buildings will be the future Pyramids. There is in all this eloquence of our author a sectarian blindness and a reactionary spirit. He over-rates the effects of Gothic art upon the English mind, and he over-rates the love of it. It requires a knowledge of the past to appreciate it: it scarcely speaks to the unlearned. Its solemn gloom has a sublimity of association—it requires those who enter it to be lit by fourteen lamps rather than by seven, and to go attended by the Genii of Poetry and History. What has commercial life of the nineteenth century to do with the Gothic!—what has the Army, the Bench, or the Bar!—what has the emigrant or the optimist! The one looks forward to a new heaven, and the other to a new earth. One looks upon the Gothic as haunted by the ghost of priesthood, feudalism, and tyranny—to the other's eyes the crypts echo with the groans of immured nuns and starved monks, and with the cries of martyrs, for their stones are stained with blood. Protestantism has never been able to adapt itself to the clothes of the dead giant whose den it inhabits. Gothic architecture to the bulk of the world is now a mere matter of antiquarian study,—a cathedral is a sort of carved pyramid, a beautiful curiosity. There has not been a single Gothic building of commanding beauty erected for nearly three centuries. Our architects cannot even copy. We stand by the sea-shore and invoke the dead, and howl and torture ourselves like the priests of Baal; but nothing answers us but the moan of the everlasting sea, and no spirit cleaves the waves obedient to our spell. These Gothic tomb-stones are growing obliterated by the passing feet, and before long they will be corner-stones in the triumphant buildings of the future.

Mr. Ruskin's remedy for these evils is the formation of an association.—

“An association might be formed, thoroughly organised so as to maintain active watchers and agents in every town of importance, who, in the first place, should furnish the society with a perfect account of every monument of interest in its neighbourhood, and then with a yearly or half-yearly report of the state of such monuments, and of the changes proposed to be made upon them; the society the furnishing funds, either to buy, freehold, such buildings or other works of untransferrable art as at any time might be offered for sale, or to assist their proprietors, whether private individuals or public bodies, in the maintenance of such guardianship as was really necessary for their safety; and exerting itself, with all the influence which such an association would rapidly command, to prevent unwise restoration and unnecessary destruction. Such a society would of course be rewarded only by the consciousness of its usefulness. Its funds would have to be supplied, in pure self-denial, by its members, who would be required, so far as they assisted it, to give up the pleasure of purchasing prints or pictures for their own walls, that they might save pictures which in their lifetime they might never behold;—they would have to forego the enlargement of their own estates, that they might buy, for a European property, ground on which their feet might never tread. But is it absurd to believe that men are capable of doing this? Is the love of Art altogether a selfish principle in the heart?—and are its emotions altogether incompatible with the exertions of self-denial or enjoyments of generosity?”

There is time enough to create, says Mr. Ruskin; but little enough for saving. We are to be vergers in the temple of Art,—beaters of hassocks and sweepers of floors. We are to employ ourselves in patching up Doge's Palaces and varnishing Tintores, —in worshipping Turner's ‘Old Mortality’ in the graveyard of the past,—chiseling out old epitaphs—all the while forgetting that our own graves are digging, and that the next generation is rising up to demand an account of our deeds and misdeeds.

Of national pride and dislike of foreign interference—of national jealousy—Mr. Ruskin takes no heed. He exaggerates the imminence of the danger, for what has lasted three hundred years may last another three hundred. Except in a few instances of peculiarly delicate work, intelligent modern workmen can cut quatrefoils and rosettes sufficiently well for parapets and places, where time will soon mellow them with a spurious age. We much fear that the real lovers of the Gothic are too few to accomplish such objects as the author has at heart. These repairs cannot be an unmixed evil. A twenty years' study of a Gothic cathedral must educate architect and workmen, and imbue them with a Gothic spirit, if that spirit is ever again doomed to rule the world of Art. If Gothic architecture is unwatched, despised, and

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hated, how comes these numerous restorations? If Gothic architecture is universally hated, when will it be universally loved? These elaborate universal and expensive restorations are not reconcileable with Mr. Ruskin's opinion, that our parsimony and basitute alone preserve Gothic antiquities; and that the nations of Europe will look with triumph upon their disappearance, which would free them from the "paralysis of precedent" and the entanglement of memory; from saddening shadows that make them reflect and disturb their enjoyment. We should have thought that the sufferer from the "paralysis of precedent" was the man who looks back with such bigoted and superstitious veneration to the "thirteenth century."

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Bell has been commissioned to execute a marble figure of "Armed Science" for Woolwich.

A somewhat remarkable event for the progress of Art-Education took place last week at Wolverhampton. The town made a general holiday. Church-bells were rung,—crowds lined the streets,—banners were prepared,—an address was given by a Cabinet Minister,—and a public *déjeuner* consumed by above 200 persons, to celebrate the inauguration, in a new and special building, of a School of Art, established on the new principle of local management and self-support. Wolverhampton is the first town in England—Paisley having been the first in Scotland—which has erected a building expressly to teach Art. It is a commodious and well-proportioned structure, and will accommodate 400 students by judicious classification. Lord Granville, appropriately, was the Minister who attended on this occasion, and he delivered an excellent address. He rather significantly hinted, that the aid which Government would give to Education very much depended on the pressure from without;—and applying this suggestion to the case in point, Wolverhampton should urge the Government to bring in an effective bill enabling corporations to extend the advantages of schools of Art by means of a local rate. If localities wish to have good museums and schools of Art, properly housed and furnished with objects, they can only have them by means of local self-government and local payment,—and not from public taxation and central management; but payment from general taxation without some central authority leads only to failure and abuse. Payment there must be, and such payment may be best promoted by a local rate; and if the institution is honestly conducted for the equal benefit of all classes, all classes would cheerfully submit to it. Public opinion on this point is greatly in advance of the House of Commons, or the Ministry would not have overthrown Mr. Ewart's Museum Bill last year. The difficulties of the religious question do not touch schools and museums of art and science. In conducting these, all sects unite with singular unanimity, and a proof of this was furnished on this occasion by a toast being proposed by a clergyman of the Church of England, which embraced the health of the Bishop of the diocese and the clergy of all denominations! The festival lasted all day, from 12 till 7, and its only defect was, the great number of speeches; there being upwards of fifteen toasts at the banquet, responded to in some cases by two speakers. A reform in our public banquets is sadly wanted. They should never last above two hours.

We have been informed, on good authority, that orders have been given out by H.M. the Emperor of the French to complete the works at the Tuilleries and Louvre before the time of the opening of the Exhibition next year. Even if we measure the future by the vast strides which the works have made since the year came in, the carrying out of such a decree to its fulfilment seems next to impossible.

Mr. Burnand's statue of Ebenezer Elliott is completed, and about to be erected at Sheffield.

A statue of Her Majesty by Mr. Noble is about to be erected in the Peel Park, Manchester.

A colossal statue of the last Duke of Gordon is about to be erected on the top of the monument at Lady Hills, in Morayshire.

Judge Boyle is about to have two statues raised to his memory, one at Irvine, his birthplace, and the other in the Parliament House, Edinburgh. The Bill for the Dublin National Gallery has been resumed:—and, with certain amendments proposed in the Lower House, it has been adopted by the Lords.

Mr. Lucy's picture of "Cromwell resolving to refuse the Crown," which is about to be engraved by Mr. R. Graves, as a companion picture to Delaroche's "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," is now on view at Pall Mall. The artist has had the courage in his picture to take his own view of history; and has represented the great Protector, true to his long struggle for religious liberty, determined to banish even ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds," from his thoughts. The likeness is taken from Cooper's miniature, which gives a nobler character to his face than the stern malignity that we see in Vandyke, who seems to have painted him with a Cavalier bias; or in Walker, who has given us a stolid heavy farmer. Cooper alone has caught the deep tenderness of his eyes,—has given us the memorable wart and the dyspeptic nose, which we feel must be red; but he has avoided all those truculent furrows and mean wrinkles with which the Dutchman Lely has variegated that grand stern countenance.

The prizes selected by the prizeholders of the London Art-Union in 1854 are now on view in Suffolk Street. The possessor of the 200th prize, in the shape of Mr. Uwins's "Cabin in a Vineyard," has a weak, infirm, and insipid subject, rapidly painted, hard in outline and foxy in colour. Mr. Tennant's 100th picture, "The Jersey Coast after a Thunder Storm," is worthy of an islander's painting, and is full of all the best qualities of English landscape. We are glad to see Mr. Wallis's "Dr. Johnson at Cave's" selected, for there is much originality in the subject. The engravings for this year's distribution are Mr. Chalon's "Water Party," engraved by Mr. Wilmore, and a volume of thirty wood engravings illustrative of "Childe Harold." We can speak highly of Mr. Maguire's rendering of Mr. Frith's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Of the casts, the reduction of "Clytie" seems injudicious, for no reduction can retain the full beauty of the original proportions. The statuettes of Mr. Marshall's "Dancing Girl resting" and Mr. Foley's "Innocence" are judiciously chosen.

The following general rules have been issued by the Board of Trade on the advice of the Painters' Committee, consisting of Sir C. Eastlake, Mr. Hurststone, Mr. Copley Fielding, Mr. Warren and Mr. Redgrave, R.A., for the guidance of painters invited to send their works for exhibition to Paris in 1855.—"Painting—Division II.—Class 28.—As it is necessary to determine what works shall be exhibited in order to respond to the invitation of the French Government in a manner worthy of the Arts of this country, the following regulations as to paintings intended for the Paris Universal Exhibition have, after consultation with the Associated Committee on Painting, been sanctioned by the Lords of her Majesty's Committee of Council for Trade. 1. Having in view an honourable display of the Arts of the United Kingdom, and as the space to be placed at the disposal of the British Exhibition is necessarily limited, selection is indispensable, and will be made on such a mode and to such an extent as may be determined hereafter with the advice and assistance of the Committee on Painting. 2. In order that the fullest opportunity may be given to the exhibition of the best works of every contributor, such works may have been executed at any period of the artist's life. 3. It is generally desirable that such works shall be contributed as have already been exhibited. 4. Works must be sent in the name of the artist. No work can be exhibited contrary to the wish of the artist by whom it was executed. 5. Those painters who are invited to exhibit are requested to fill up the accompanying form, that the works included therein may have the consideration of the Committee. 6. Works tendered by artists not so invited, will, if approved by the Committee, be admitted for exhibition. By article 6 of the regulations of the French Imperial Commission, it will

be seen that the Imperial Commission will not hold any correspondence whatever with the exhibitors themselves, or with any other private persons, either French or Foreigners. Article 8. No works will be admitted to the Exhibition if not sent with the authorization and under the seal of the Departmental or Foreign Committee. Article 81. The Exhibition is open to the works of French and Foreign artists alive on the 22nd of June 1853, the date of the decree which constitutes the Exhibition of Fine Arts. Article 82. Artists can contribute to the Universal Exhibition works which have been previously exhibited; but there cannot be admitted—1st. Copies, excepting such as may reproduce a work in a different manner on enamel, by drawing, &c. 2nd. Pictures, and other objects, without frames. 3rd. Sculptures in unbaked clay.—A copy of these regulations has been forwarded to each invited artist, and similar regulations have been drawn up for the other branches of Art, viz. sculpture, architecture, engraving and lithography, and forwarded in like manner to those of each class who have been invited to contribute.

* MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The theatrical season is now terminating, nearly all the theatres having closed or announced their time for closing. The Adelphi closed on Thursday week, and the Princess's on Thursday. The Olympic closes to-night. We perceive an announcement in relation to one of the Saloons—"the Bower," which appears hitherto to have stood beyond the borders of theatrical civilization—that may serve to show the march of dramatic reform. It is announced to open this evening, "under the direction of Miss Lydia Pearce; Mr. Ryder, the tragedian from the Princess's Theatre, is engaged to lead the heavy business, supported by an efficient company, selected from other metropolitan theatres." Mr. Ryder and his companions on this despised stage may easily find more laudable business to perform than that to which he and others of respectable name have lately been condemned at other establishments. In all probability, at the popular Saloon the higher drama will be preferred.

The twelve dramatic performances organized by Herr von Dingelstedt for the purpose of giving a worthy national entertainment to the guests assembled at the Munich Exhibition, have taken place with the highest success; and, in spite of the outlay caused by the engagement of a dozen of the highest actors and actresses from Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Hanover, Carlsruhe, and Hamburg, we are assured that they have been profitable as well as interesting. The actors summoned have most of them been already named in the *Athenæum*. The great dramatic works performed, with lighter pieces, were, Schiller's "Bride of Messina," "Marie Stuart," and "Cabal and Love" (twice), Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm" (twice), "Nathan the Wise," and "Emilia Galotti," and Goethe's "Faust" (twice), "Egmont," and "Clavigo." So much interest appears to have been excited by these performances that there is an intention, we hear, of trying to collect as choice a troupe of actors, with the purpose of giving a short series of classical German dramas in Paris, at the period of the Exhibition there next year. It might have been expected that some German musical effort would have been also made in a theatre with so skilled a conductor of its orchestra as Herr Lachner, with so good a band, so solid a chorus, and an operatic company of solo singers anything but disagreeable. "But music," writes our Correspondent, "seems to do little more than to keep alive in Munich, for aught I see and hear, 'Le Prophète,' with very fine scenery and magnificent dresses (the Bavarian *costumiers* being first-rate),—'La Sonnambula,' with a solidly-built young Lady for *Amina*,—and 'La Juive,' of Halévy, are poor compensations to guests from London and Paris for the absence of some fresh new German appearance, be it great or small. What is more, the idea of the profligacy of the *Anabaptists* seems to have possessed the excellent *Kapellmeister*, who presides in

the orchestra. The extreme patience and deliberation at which the time of every movement is taken by him add tiresomeness, not dignity, to the music, and are, moreover, at variance with the usages of Paris. On asking after one or two of those who were named to me here some years ago as young men of promise, the answer has been—"Oh! he has taken to beer!" and the beer seems to have put out the fire of inspiration and aspiration.—More of this, possibly, another day."

We have to record the death of an actor, Mr. Henry Lynde, who served under Mr. Macready during his management of Drury Lane Theatre, and who subsequently starred at the Princess's with Miss Cushman and Mr. Wallack. Latterly, he has been successful in America, where on the 8th of last month he died at St. Louis, Mobile. He is said to have been a man of intelligence, and at one time he edited a leading Hampshire paper.

Mrs. Seymour's experiment at the St. James's is said to be supported with considerable capital. Among the engagements are mentioned those of Mr. Wright, Mr. Mead, and Miss Glyn; but we have no authority for the accuracy of the rumours.

A demonstration at Liverpool has been recently exhibited in favour of Mr. Vandenhoff. That tragedian had announced that he was about to take a final leave of the stage; accordingly, a public meeting was held at the Clarendon Rooms on Tuesday week, where it was decided that a deputation should wait on Mr. Vandenhoff "to impress upon him the propriety of re-considering his determination, as in the present condition of the British stage it was felt that his services could not be dispensed with." Mr. Vandenhoff has, it is stated, consented in consequence to postpone his final retirement for a season or two longer; adding, that his leave-taking would certainly be in Liverpool,—where, forty years ago, he met with his first success.

A Correspondent writes:—"Another case has just occurred of the exclusion of a woman from the candidature for organist, and that in the important and supposed liberal and respectable parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street. A vacancy in the situation having been occasioned by the death of Mr. G. Mather, on the 1st of July last, a lady, having ample testimonials to her competency, was announced as a candidate. The usual course of canvassing was adopted, and most of the rate-payers, as well as the Vicar, churchwardens, and other parochial authorities, were personally waited upon by herself or her friends, and the fullest possible publicity was given of her intention. The result of the canvas was exceedingly encouraging, and her friends reasonably entertained hopes of success; when, to the surprise of the inhabitants, at a Vestry held on Thursday last, a resolution was carried that a female should not be allowed to be a candidate. During the canvas, not the slightest intimation was given by the authorities that females would be excluded from the competition; all that appeared to be required was that they would have the best talent that could be procured,—but may they not by their resolution have deprived themselves of the choice of that talent which exists in one portion of the profession? At the close of the article on this subject in your number of July 8, you remark that 'male courtesy must be met by female competence.' As an instance of female competence, it may be mentioned that of seven candidates for the organistship of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, in the City, and which was played for last Saturday, four were men and three women. The best players were women, and one of them was, of course, appointed."

Whatever we may think of Russia as an impetuous Bear, not so greedy after bee-hives as after Turkey pouls—as a potentate who keeps up Siberia by way of a vast ice-house, in which all hot-blooded and high-hearted persons that might trouble his dynasty can be prudentially frozen up out of sight, out of mind,—certain is it that the Bear is a Bear that "dances to the gentlest of tunes"—that the Power is a Power under whose autocracy Music has had a prosperous existence and musical amateurship a satisfactory development. The masters giving the tone to Russia have been principally foreign masters, it is true; such

as Sarti, Boieldieu, Field, Henselt, Vieuxtemps, and others; but the same censure could be passed on England in some measure and on France also: while we are not acquainted with any group of English or French amateurs that in munificence and acquirement can compete with the circle including such names as Razumouffsky, Wielhouski, Lvoff, Oulibicheff, and von Lenz. To these may be now added, we suppose, the name of M. Wladimir Stassoff, in right of his monograph on the collections of the Abate Santini at Rome. In every point of view this is curious; though, as being merely an article on a Catalogue, it does not claim a separate review.—It is noticeable that in it M. Stassoff has departed from the beaten track, by devoting his time and interest, not to a German subject, but to what may be called the foundation of all modern Art, in the old schools of Italian composition. The object of M. Stassoff's pamphlet is to call attention to the vast collection of ancient music amassed by the Abate Santini at Rome; since, though its existence and value have been long known to the few, they have hardly been brought before the world in a manner commensurate with their importance. This may be implied from one fact among many others: that the Catalogue contains specimens of more than two hundred old Italian composers, who are not even named, M. Stassoff assures us, in the Musical Dictionary of M. Fétis.—What is more, the Abate Santini throughout his long life does not appear to have confined himself to the barren business of collection, but to have arranged his acquisitions so as to remove them out of the category of fruitless and unavailable antiquarianism. In many cases, M. Stassoff assures us, he has scored the work from its separate parts—in many deciphered the obsolete and cumbersome notation of the original penman. As an instance may be mentioned the *toccatas* of Frescobaldi, originally written on staves of six or eight lines, which were reduced to modern notation by the Abate Santini, and presented by him to one of the gentlemen belonging to Chichester Cathedral who passed some time in Rome;—the same amateur, probably, at whose instance the Abate Santini may have composed or arranged the *Choral Service*, described by Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, as existing in the library of that establishment, and the mention of which, in his 'Sights in Italy,' puzzled us at the time. As further illustrating the value of the Santini collection, M. Stassoff states that, "the larger portion of such ancient Italian music as has been published during late years in Germany, especially in Berlin," has proceeded from copies of works in the "Santini library." Out of three hundred and forty-nine piano-forte pieces by Scarlatti, included in this rich treasury, Herr Haslinger, of Vienna, has published two hundred. That the desire to form or to enrich public musical libraries in any country can hardly be said to have an existence, is at present true; or we should hope that so vast and unique a collection may never be dismembered. At all events, amateurs and professors alike have cause to thank M. Stassoff for reminding them of its existence and of its extent.

MISCELLANEA

Removal of Ink from Paper.—A Correspondent, who gives his address, writes:—"Having seen in your periodical that the invention of a process by which the printing ink could be effectually removed from paper would be a desideratum in the present critical state of the paper trade, it struck me that this could be effected with ease by a very simple chemical process. I, therefore, put it to the test of experiment, and found my anticipations fully realized.—The inclosed specimen was an octavo leaf, *printed on both sides*, which, on being subjected to the process, was reduced to a *clean pulp*; but my not having at command any efficient apparatus for pressing and finishing the paper will account for the coarse texture of the inclosed. This is of no consequence, as any maker would be able to supply this deficiency;—my experiment, however, sufficiently proves that the ink can be removed so as to admit of the paper being reprinted."—The sample sent by our Correspondent is, as he describes it,

free from ink:—it may be seen at our office in Wellington Street by those who are interested in the matter.

Population Tables.—Two supplemental volumes contain interesting particulars respecting the ages, civil condition, occupations and birthplace of the people of Great Britain. From these we gather the following salient features. Of the 14,422,801 people living in 1821, 6,981,068 were under 20 years of age, and 7,441,733 were 20 years of age and upwards; while of the 21,185,010 living in 1851, the numbers under 20 years of age were 9,558,114; and the numbers of the age of 20 years and upwards were 11,626,896. Thus the number of the population of the age of 20 and upwards in 1851, exceeds the number under the age of 20 by 2,068,782, showing a remarkable increase in the strength of the nation. The returns further show that in Great Britain at the last Census more than half a million of the inhabitants (596,030) had passed the barrier of threescore years and ten:—9,347 were upwards of 90 years old; 2,038 were above 95; and 319 had lived more than 100 years. Two-thirds of the latter were women. It was found that the mean age of the females exceeds the mean age of the males by 10 months; and the proportions of the married in the population of Great Britain amount to 33 in every 100 males, and to 32 in every 100 females of all ages. The actual number of husbands in England and Wales was 2,958,564; of wives, 3,015,634,—the number of husbands in Scotland was 410,349; of wives, 422,296,—and it was found that the average age of the husband in Great Britain was 43·65 years; and of the wife, 40·65 years. The population at the date of the last Census contained a reserve of more than a million of unmarried men, and of more than a million of unmarried women in the prime of life. With regard to the birthplace of the people, it was found that 17,234,490 were born in England and Wales, 2,754,360 in Scotland, 122,808 in the islands of the British seas, 733,866 in Ireland, 41,316 in the colonies, and 72,687 abroad. A curious table shows the tendency of the inhabitants of every county in England to go to London. Out of 2,362,000, which was the population of the metropolis, 645,000 of the age of twenty and upwards were born in London, 588,000 in other parts of England, 14,000 in Wales, 26,000 in Scotland, 1,600 in the islands of the British seas, 89,000 in Ireland, 7,000 in the British colonies, 24,000 in foreign parts, and 526 were born at sea.

Railways in the United Kingdom.—The Report on Railways for 1853 contains some note-worthy facts, illustrative of national progress. The length of the new lines of railway sanctioned by the Legislature during that year was 940 miles: 589 in England, 80 in Scotland, and 271 in Ireland. The length of railways opened up to the end of 1853 is 7,636 miles: 5,848 in England, 995 in Scotland, and 845 in Ireland. Of this number of miles, 6,965 are of the Irish gauge of 5½ feet, 626 of the broad gauge, and 95 of the mixed gauge. The length of single lines of railway is 1,708 miles; 1,135 in England, 132 in Scotland, and 441 in Ireland. The length of railways in course of construction on the 30th of June 1853 was 682 miles: the men employed on them 37,764. The number of miles open for traffic on that day was 7,512, and the number of men employed 80,409. The number of passengers conveyed in 1852 was 89,135,729, in 1853 102,286,660; the receipts from all sources in the corresponding years were, 15,710,554/- and 18,035,879/-, the largest proportionate increase being in the receipts from third-class passengers. Looking at these returns from our point of view, this last is one of the most satisfactory of the facts they disclose. In its consequences upon the poorer classes, increased locomotion cannot but be beneficial; and the larger the proportionate financial return from third-class passengers, the greater their claim upon railway companies for increased facilities and accommodations.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—D. N.—K.—A. P.—W. L.—E. C.—A. S.—G. W.—C. A. M.—E. A. S.—J. L.—received.
A. H. R.—The suggestion should be addressed to the Directors.

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Ovid. Fast., Lib. 3, 273.

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